

# ZION'S HERALD

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"NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH."—"My peace I give unto you," was the benediction of the Master as He told the faithful few of his departure to his Father's many-mansioned home. "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you," said He, for the gift of the world is weariness and tears, in place of peace and hope, which are the gift of God alone. How often in the strife of life, when failure meets us, or when trouble greater than seems our strength to bear comes to us, does the weary pilgrim look up with a face white through suffering, and eyes dimmed with tears, and tremblingly yet earnestly thank the Master that His gifts, unlike the world's, are peace and rest. Happy is he who can with his burdens and weariness come to Him who taketh burden and its bearer, and in Him find a peace beyond expression. One who has known the unequalled peace of Christ the Lord, can but have pity for those who, like them, have work to do, burdens to carry, tears and grief, to whom failure comes, and yet who know nothing of that parting gift of Christ—the peace of God. Saddest man of all the world should be he who has no Christ, no Saviour, no refuge in distress, no shelter from the storm. O that the world might know the peace which is the Christian's gift from heaven.

**REMORSE, ITS POWER.**—It will be remembered that a man named Conners, near Prison Point, Charlestown, seized a lad and threw him over the dock, the lad protesting that he could not swim. He calmly and cruelly saw the poor boy drown, not making the least attempt to save him. *The Traveller* tells the rest of his story:—

"Conners was arrested and tried, and sentenced to the State Prison for his crime. And during all the time between his arrest and committal to prison, remained as indifferent and impatient as though he had been entirely innocent. But immediately after his imprisonment, conscience awoke within him. The heinousness of his crime came before him in such strong and vivid light, that he could find no rest nor peace, day nor night. His appetite failed; his sleep was broken; his health gave way. He was then removed to the hospital. But medicines could not reach his agonized mind; he pined to a skeleton, and finally died on Saturday last, of a broken heart; but it is hoped, a true penitent for his unnatural crime."

**THE FIRE SPREADING.**—Republican sparks have blown from Paris across the Rhine and the English Channel. The Prussian Republicans are expressing their sympathy, and censuring the King for petting the man who has killed a hundred thousand of their brethren. Even England catches the flame. *The Times* mutters its thunders against the Royal family, and Prof. Beesely, in Hyde Park and St. James Hall, declared for democracy, and great crowds echoed the cry. The Queen's name was received with hisses. Three groans were called for the Prince of Wales. "The response was universal and passionate," says *The Telegraph*. "The aspect of the crowd at the time was truly appalling" to crown and nobility it probably meant. The charge was made that England upheld Germany because it feared Republicanism, and that the Queen compelled Gladstone to this course. He concluded by these bold words:—

"The Government of England has not recognized the Republic in France, but the day is at hand when the French Republic would be called upon to recognize a Republic in England."

The hour fittingly concluded by adopting an address from the Democrats of London to the French.

They are to celebrate the century of Whitefield's death at Newburyport, on the 30th. The speakers are all Presbyterians and Congregationalists, one of the latter being from England. As Mr. Whitefield had no more to do with English Congregationalists than with English Roman Catholics, and not half as much as with English Churchmen, the wisdom of this narrow gauge celebration is not clearly seen. He and Wesley were co-workers, heart and heart. Both stayed in the Established Church, and differed in it while they worked in it, as Stanley and Tait, Pusey and Robertson do to-day. That no Low Church Episcopalian, nor Methodist was invited, make the occasion more striking by the absent than the present. Dr. Tyng is a nearer type of Whitefield than any that are invited, and any wide-awake Methodist nearer than he; for through and through was Whitefield a Methodist. We remember standing over his coffin at the side of Bishop Jones, and seeing that man of God put his hand on that white brow, polished and beautiful even in its present soulless and fleshless estate, a brow fit for the crown it is yet to wear. He evidently felt his spiritual oneness with his heroic leader, the warm friend and fellow-worker of the Wesleys. How appropriate it would have been for this great son of Whitefield's in the Gospel to speak on the occasion of his centennial celebration. They ought to sing Wesley's great hymn on his death, but this, probably, is too Methodist for such a highly Calvinized, not galvanized affair.

How complete a toady William is before Napoleon, is seen in his letter to the Queen, describing his emotions on meeting him. He says:—

"It was overwhelming. For a moment I could not control myself on thus meeting him whom three years ago I saw on the summit of grandeur. The Emperor was equally moved."

How much more grandeur had Napoleon in a fine suite of rooms at Paris, than Grant, as head of a mighty nation at Washington? Yet William would have never felt such "overwhelmings" at seeing Grant his prisoner, if such a sight were possible. O the slunkiness of kinglycraft, even in kings!

Nothing is more remarkable than the total loss of interest in the Prussian war, and total loss of sympathy with its course. Not a journal in America now defends Bismarck and William. They will be hated soon, as much as they were applauded, if they dare to proceed to bombard and reduce Paris. The fiery telegrams have ceased to burn, and so has the popular heart. But if Paris burns, the Germans will find the wrath of America also kindling.

*The Boston Transcript* says: "The Methodists refuse to recognize Mrs. Van Cott." This is a mistake. She is a regularly licensed local preacher in our Church. This refusal was to approve of her as such; a thing no Conference ever does in respect to local preachers. Yet it was a mistake, and one, we doubt not, that will be remedied next spring; for her work is such as to demand especial gratitude to God, and especial commendation of this angel of the churches.

The French Republic has appointed Sunday, Oct. 15, for the day of deciding what shall be the government, and who the rulers. It thus falls into the besetting sin of its people. Napoleon's voting day was Sunday always. If the French Republicans expect the

sympathy of America, or what is infinitely more important, the blessing of God, they must select another day for the ballot. This act is a sad index of the radical defect of this nation, the ground of its past, and possibly its future failures. England could establish a Republic to-day without disturbance or bloodshed; a Republic that would stand as America's has, because of her reverence for God's Day and Word. France should heed this warning, and avoid the rock on which the Republic has three times struck and gone down.

How much spirit has to do with fighting, as with everything else, may be seen in a description given of the French soldiers in their attacks on the Prussians, in 1806, when, under the First Napoleon, they annihilated the Prussian monarchy in one short month, just about the same time that it has taken the Prussians to annihilate that of the Third Napoleon. Thus the Prussians described them:—

"If nothing more was necessary than to use our strength against the French, we should very soon be conquerors. They are short, puny. One of our Germans would beat four of them. But in the fire they become supernatural beings. They are hurried away by an inexplicable ardor, not a trace of which is to be discovered in our soldiers."

Let the Republican ardor possess these soldiers, and a general will arise who will make them again what their enemies will think are "supernatural beings." So much do ideas inspire every believing soul.

Wisely does *The London Watchman* speak against the materialism that possesses so many heads, and even tempts Christianity with its catch-words and spirit:—

"The wide spread enthusiasm of the present day, in the pursuit of athletic sports and games, is not only dangerously excessive, but especially threatens to lead away many of the youth of the churches. While this 'Muscular Christianity,' as it is absurdly misnamed, does not provide the best means for the healthy development of physical strength, it extensively causes the neglect of mental improvement, by occupying the whole leisure time of many; and it not only leads to associations unfavorable to the religious feelings, but also is often connected with the odious and ruinous vice of gambling. While Christ's religion enjoins cheerfulness, and does not condemn innocent recreation, it imperatively prohibits whatever is inconsistent with the spirit of prayer, or tends to alienate the mind from serious subjects. There is also urgent need for all Christians to be on their guard against most of the novels and other fictitious literature of the day. A passion for fictitious reading is always fatal to intellectual improvement, and destructive of healthful and holy affections."

Ruskin, though not a preacher, gives a good recipe on confessing sin:—

"When you are examining yourself, never call yourself merely a 'sinner'; that is very cheap abuse, and utterly useless. You may even get to like it, and be proud of it. But call yourself a liar, a coward, a sluggard, a glutton, or an evil-eyed, jealous wretch, if you indeed find yourself to be in any wise either of these. An immense quantity of modern confession of sin, even when honest, is merely sickly egotism, which will rather gloat over its own evil than lose the centralization of its interest in itself."

It is well not only to practice this mode of confession, but to sternly apply the remedy to the diseased part. Pluck out the offending eye. Root up the offending habit. If you are inclined to passion, strike at that sin; to covetousness, compel yourself to be, as you think, extravagantly liberal; if to love of dress, be extra plain and simple in apparel; if to backbiting, be complimentary; if to vulgarity, be particularly choice of speech. Fight against the besetting sin, practice the opposing virtue.

## Original and Selected Papers.

## IN THE WOOD.

O, Father, here, in quietude,  
With humble mind, and will resigned  
I seek Thy face;  
O, grant Thy grace  
To me, Thy child.

As all around, on tree and shrub,  
The light and shadow rest, so, in my breast,  
Blends faith with doubt;  
Encircle me about  
With Thy strong arm.

As 'mid the trees the low wind breathes,  
Make me Thy voice to hear, that calms my fear;  
Thus, it is sweet  
To worship at Thy feet,  
O Christ, O King.

As moveth to the gentlest breeze  
Each lowly fern, so let me learn  
Thy influence to feel,  
As here I kneel,  
Amid Thy works.

As in the murmuring brook  
I bathe my brow, O Lord, do Thou  
Wash my dark soul,  
And make me whole,  
That I may live.

As over me, a shelter from the sun,  
These branches intertwine, may love divine  
Shelter from me  
The glare of vanity,  
In worldly things.

As the moss clingeth to the stone,  
So cling I now to Thee; my Rock of Ages be.  
To Thee I fly,  
Hear Thou my cry,  
All Merciful.

I thank Thee for this silent place,  
Where broodeth love; and cloud above,  
And flower below,  
So sweetly show  
Thy tender care.

Do spirits hover round?  
Ye birds that sing, on trembling wing,  
With you I'd soar,  
Still nearer to adore  
The source of light.

## BE KIND.

"It is better to love the living well,  
Than to mourn for those that have died,  
The dead, perchance, do not need our love,  
Having passed o'er a sea so wide."

"Mother!" cried a feeble voice from the front basement, "mother!"

"What now?" was the not patient reply, and a stout, rosy-cheeked woman looked in from the kitchen.

"I wish I had a pillow," said, meekly, an old man, who had for a long time been trying in vain to make his aching head comfortable on the arm of a crazy old lounge that stood in one corner of the room. He spoke deprecatingly, and in no hopeful tone.

"Well, I can't trot up and down stairs to wait on you," said his buxom wife. "If you'd only get up and go out and stir round some, you'd soon feel well enough," and back she went to her bread-pan. She meant to be a good wife, yes, I do believe it, and she was a hard-working, economical woman. A groan or two from the front room reached her ears, but only to irritate her.

"What a lazy, make-fuss set those Bennets all are!" was her mental comment. "So different from my family."

Presently her ears caught a suspicious sound. She stepped hastily to the front room, and caught her daughter-in-law in the very act of placing a great white pillow tenderly under that weary old head.

"Well, Stephen, I should think you'd be ashamed to make Celia, in her condition, race up and down stairs to wait on you. Celia Ann, don't let me catch you doing such a thing again. It won't be good for you."

Celia Ann made no reply. As soon as the good dame was back in the kitchen, she bent over the old man and asked, "Is there any thing else I can do for you, pa?"

"No, daughter—yes, there is, too. I want a drink of lemonade badly; but I'm afraid mother won't let you make it."

"I will make it," said Celia, and the next minute found her in the closet at the lemons.

"What are you doing there?" asked the dame.

"Pa wants some lemonade," was the mild reply.

"I don't want you to be fussing about so for him. It is bad for him to be so indulged in all his notions; besides, I'm not going to have all the sugar used up."

Celia went quietly on with her work.

"Do you hear me?" said the dame.

"Yes, mother."

"Then why don't you come out of that closet?"

"I'm coming," and she came with the pitcher, in which was lemon-juice and sugar plenty.

The indignant wife caught the pitcher away, set it back in the closet, and shut and locked the door. "I will be minded in my own house," she said.

"But pa wants that to drink, and he is sick, and the doctor said he might drink lemonade, and he ought to have it. If you don't let me make that for him, I'll tell James to buy lemons and sugar for pa, for that you won't let him have any."

As it did not suit madam to have her conduct reported to her son, she yielded the point, and "pa" got his drink that time. But leave a woman to punish her old husband for having his part taken against her. The poor man had to suffer. But it was not for long. God was about to have great mercy on the poor old man. The day of his release drew near.

"O, dear!" he said, one night at bed-time, "I cannot get up those stairs. I mean to sleep here—I want the big sofa drawn in—this lounge is so hard."

"Nonsense!" said his wife—"you can go up stairs well enough if you only think so. Come. It will do you good."

But he did not obey her. And the next night also he lay on the sofa; but not to sleep, for he groaned all night in bitter pain; but she did not think he need make so much ado. She almost lost patience with him.

At last she began to think he really was sick, and needed a bed. And then a bed was promptly made ready, and he was willingly waited on. But then it was too late. In three days he was dead.

Alas for that wife! deep and bitter was her sorrow. Heart-rending was her self-reproach. Her sons and her daughters rose up to comfort her; but she refused to be comforted. Weeping and groaning more than did her dying companion, she said continually, "I have killed my husband. There he was dying before my eyes, and I would not see. I accused him of impatience, and now I see what a pattern of patience he was. O! my neglect has killed my dear husband, and I wish that I too could die."

It was terrible to hear and see her. Her children feared for her reason. Her once blooming face became haggard, and her eyes were nearly blind from weeping. But all was in vain, in vain. The grave never gives back, because of our repentance, any that our unkindness or neglect has hastened to its cold keeping. It feels no pity. Now, beyond all doubt there are wives and husbands, brothers and sisters, parents and children, in some of the homes into which this paper will go, who are acting a part toward each other akin to the one sketched above. Reader, are you one of these hard, unsympathizing relatives? If so, consider that there is a time coming when remorse will fasten upon you. There is no more terrible reproach than that which agonizes the heart from the sealed eyes and forever silent lips of a wronged or neglected friend. I pray you, for the sake of your own peace, be loving, be gentle, be tender towards all who have any claim on your love and care.

What if your friend is imperfect, what if he is a little troublesome, are not you so, too? Can you be sure that you are less annoying or trying than he is? No, indeed, you cannot be. The probability is, if you think you are not so, that you are more so than he ever is—so be patient and kind. 'Tis better to be too indulgent than not enough so. Nobody ever felt a dart strike through his soul, when standing beside his dead, because he had been too kind and had done too much to make comfortable and happy that dear one now gone away to return no more.

"It is better to love the living well,  
Than to mourn for those that have died."

## THE DROUGHT.

BY H. L. F.

The drought is an institution—and still flourishing. Though it has received some slight shocks, the back-bone remains unbroken. It is a charming thing for those people—and they call themselves Christians, some of them—who are never happily miserable unless they can fret, and stew, and groan about something. This is available stock in trade, and how they do enjoy it! Just bear them.

"We shan't have a late potato this year." "There won't be a spear of hay to be bought by March."

"Why, I know it; I am feeding my cattle now just as I do in the winter, and it takes as long to do the chores at the barn."

"Tobacco 'll be a light crop."

"Why!" ventures Brightshoes; "thought that was a sure crop. I'm sure it has grown splendidly, and well got in."

"Well, that's the thing, it's grown too fast; it'll pole-sweat—see if it don't. Might as well cut all my corn for fodder now, and there won't be a single turnip this year."

Drought is sad, I know. Sad to see the fields brown and bare, and know that the winter's supply is being drawn upon for the patient, dumb families; sad to see the untimely fruit strewing the ground; the needed things of the garden withering and failing; the pleasant country roads white and glistening in the fiery sun, and the grass that so prettily fringed them, sere and crisp; to hear green leaves rattle like autumn; sad—very. But don't

you know that the hand of God is in all this? that He holds an even balance, sets one thing over against another, and that even this is one among all the things that our heavenly Father knoweth we have need of?

Who shall say, Why doest Thou thus, till the afterwards comes!

"All things,  
If we will not refuse the good they bring,  
Are messages of an Almighty love,  
And full of blessings. O! be sure of this—  
All things are mercies while we count them so."

Beside that, have you really prayed for rain? O, we know you have blazed away at the Lord—told Him the heavens were as brass over our heads, and the earth ashes under our feet, and we must have rain, and all that; but I mean, have you in true, simple faith asked God for needed rain? You know you haven't; because if you had, you would "rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him;" you would know that "there is no want to them that fear Him;" that "He withholdeth no good thing from them that walk uprightly;" that He maketh His people "to be quiet from fear of evil,"—"to dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods."

It was said of old Dr. Strong, of Hartford, that if he prayed for rain in the morning, everybody carried their umbrellas to the third service, and were sure to need them.

One thing is very certain—if we do pray for rain, when it comes we rejoice with a joy that those who have not prayed, cannot take from us. Then, too, why isn't it just as well to anticipate good in the future, as evil? I have always heard of borrowing trouble, but I never heard of borrowing comfort.

Just see here: here is the rest of September, the whole of October and November, time enough for the Lord to work, time for glorious days, for the latter rain, for the tender springing grass, time enough for "the clear shining after rain." Now when did ever these words sound so sweetly before? O, it is worth while to have droughts occasionally, and various other trials, just to hear what the Lord can say to us, and see what He can do for us.

As the parched earth brings into action new fertilizing properties, and a fruitful season always follows drought, so the suffering and the trial bring the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and the fullness of joy in the Holy Ghost.

Four years and more of life have been measured out to me in the same room; these last months, such suffering as makes one long and pray to forget. But He, the shining One, sat by the furnace, though heated seven times hotter than its wont, and was never so precious as now. The promises in Him are yea and Amen. I know what Paul meant by, "that I may win Christ, and be found in Him." Not from the score of want, but from the enjoyment of the possession came that prayer.

The world, drought and all, was never more beautiful; this long-idle pencil is one of the handsomest things I ever saw, the paper delightful, and the writing is perfectly beautiful (don't ask the editor—take my word for it.)

And how with you, for whom no furnace fires have been kindled, is the soul-life now? Is the leaf green, the fruit unto holiness, and the expected and everlasting life? Have you something to draw with from the wells of salvation, or are they too deep for the exertion this hot weather? Are the prayers old, and dry, and dusty as the earth itself—the experience bare and glittering in the sunshine of worldly prosperity? Are you longing to see the great salvation, yet strangely content to be longing?

It is well to stand in the way sometimes, and ask for the old paths, but not too long. "Wherefore criest thou unto Me? Speak to the people that they go forward." "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron."

Watch, pray, labor; and not more refreshing to the parched earth will be the grateful rain than the outpouring of the Spirit, the sanctification of the Church, and the conversion of sinners, in answer to prayer; "forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." And while we walk humbly with our God in patient hope—we won't wait—but now thank Him for the drought and its precious lessons, thank Him for the rain that we know will come.

HOW NAPOLEON SURRENDERED.—Dr. Russell thus describes in the *London Times* the historic scene: "When the Emperor, who had passed the weary hours of night, looked out in the early morning, he beheld a forest of steel and iron in the valley and on the hill-tops; batteries posted on every eminence, cavalry in all the plains as far as his eye could reach, the hosts of the embattled Germans.

His decision was taken at last. Attended by a few of his staff on horseback, his Majesty proceeded along the road from Sedan in a brougham. Count Bismarck was in bed at his quarters at Donchery, when an officer rushed in and announced that the Emperor was coming to meet him and to see the King.

Count Bismarck rose, dressed hastily and hastened to meet the Emperor. He was in time to stop the cortege outside the town. I was away on the field, and therefore cannot, of my own personal knowledge, state what occurred.

As his Majesty alighted, Bismarck uncovered his head and stood with cap in hand, and on a sign or request from the Emperor, put it on.

The Count replied, "Sire, I receive your Majesty as I would my own royal master."

There happened to be near the place where the interview

occurred, a few hundred yards outside the squalid town of Donchery, the humble cottage of a hand-loom weaver, of whom there are a number around Sedan. Bismarck led the way and entered it. The room was not inviting. The great Count walked up stairs, but the apartment was filled by the hand-loom and appliances of the weaver; so he descended, and found the Emperor sitting on a stone outside. Two chairs were brought out of the cottage, and the Emperor sat down in one and Bismarck took the other, and placed it on his Majesty's left-hand side. The officers in attendance on their fallen master lay down some distance away upon the small plot of grass in front of the cottage.

The conversation was a strong one, and as the Count has repeated it freely, or the principal parts of it, no doubt it will soon be known and remain forever as historic. The great point to be gained was peace, but as far as his Majesty was concerned, no assurance of it could be obtained by Bismarck.

The Emperor stated that he had no power. He could not negotiate a peace, and he could no longer give orders to the army nor to Marshal Bazaine; the Empress was Regent of France, and on her and her Ministers must devolve the negotiation.

So Bismarck thereupon remarked that it was of no avail to hold any further conversation on political matters with his Majesty, and it would be of no use to see the King.

The Emperor desired to see the King in person, but Bismarck declared it not possible to accede to His Majesty's wishes until the capitulation had been signed. Then, as the conversation was becoming rather dangerous, and as the situation was becoming difficult on both sides, he ended it. The interview terminated, Count Bismarck went to see the King. The Emperor withdrew to consult his officers.

At 11.30 the articles of capitulation were signed, as agreed upon by Gen. Wimpfen and Gen. Von Moltke, and I believe Count Bismarck took part in the deliberations.

About two o'clock the King, with a body-guard and an escort of cuirassiers, attended by the Crown Prince and staff of general officers, proceeded to the chateau outside of Sedan and received the Emperor, who came with his personal followers and staff in charge of an escort which was ranged on the other side facing the cuirassiers.

The King and captive retired to a glass-house off one of the saloons of the drawing-room floor, and they could be seen by the staff outside engaged in an earnest dialogue. After the interview with the King, the Emperor had a few moments' conversation with the Crown Prince, during which he was much agitated when alluding to the manner of the King. His anxiety seemed to be, not to be exhibited to his own soldiers. The result was, however, that his Majesty, wishing to avoid one mischief, was exposed to great humiliation, for his course had to be altered to avoid Sedan, and thus he had to pass through the lines of the Prussian army.

Donchery, 3d — 9 A. M. The Emperor, as a prisoner of war, has just passed below my window through the main street of Donchery. A column of Wartemberg troops crossing in the opposite direction blocks up the way. The cortege is preceded by a troop of black hussars in full uniform and unloaked.

He was in the kept undress uniform of a lieutenant-general, with the star of the Legion of Honor on his breast. His face looked exceedingly worn, with dark lines under his eyes, which were observant of what was passing around him, for he saluted the Englishmen who ran out to see him, and raised his hat.

By his side sat a French officer, I think Achille Murat; but who could look at any one but one man? and it was only a glance any person with good feeling would care to give at such a moment, even to him. The horses were worthy of the Imperial stables, with two postillions, who were as smart as if in the Bois, or en route for St. Cloud on a wet day.

They and the two who sat behind wore long waterproof cloaks, glazed hats and the Imperial cockade. As the brougham was stopped for a moment, I caught sight of his Majesty's face. What a change, he says, since the Prince Napoleon lodged in my house in London before he went to live in King street.

He had his hand to his moustache, which had the well known points and waxed ends, but there was no nervous twisting, and the emotion which shook him for a moment when he was speaking to the Crown Prince yesterday of the King's manner had passed away. Then he brushed the tears from his eyes with the glove he had in one hand, and was overcome.

GOOD WORDS BUTTER NO PARASITS. — "When I am in a crowded car and a lady comes in, I think it is the duty of some man to get up and give her a seat. I look around the car to see if any man in the crowd looks like making a move in that direction, and when I see them all keep their seats, I hide my face behind my newspaper and blush for them."

There are many who can sympathize with the delicate sensibility of the experience given above. It is dreadful to think of the amount of distress thus wantonly inflicted upon men of deep feeling. When a missionary speaker is presenting the claims of the destitute multitudes deprived of the bread of life, how little he considers the pain he is causing to the plump well-to-do gentleman who feels so keenly that it is the duty of somebody to give largely, and blushes with shame when he finds nobody doing it! When the preacher is honestly setting before men their duty of repentance and obedience unto life, how little he considers the distress he may be causing to the soft-hearted young lady who feels so deeply for the ungodliness of the other girls, and blushes at their indifference! It is sad to consider how much tender-hearted people suffer from the neglect of other people's duties. Somebody is always distressed because somebody else does not build a church, or a railroad, or a hotel, or elect right men to office, or complain of abuses, or prosecute bad people, or keep noisy boys and dogs quiet in the street, or set things to rights generally. Somebody

is always ashamed because somebody does not support our enterprises, and take care of our poor, and help worthy men to struggle with life. Somebody is very much grieved now because somebody does not take this paper, which he forgets to take himself or recommend to his neighbors. We ask for this class of people the consideration due to hypocrisy made more offensive by affectation. — *Baltimore Christian Advocate.*

SPARE THAT PUN. — On a holy text. It struck your ears, so quick to catch double sounds even in Scripture words, and you are itching to tell it to the first one who can laugh over it with you. But don't. Try rather to forget it by not giving it vent. What's a laugh? when you think of the irreverent association it will occasion in the minds of all who hear it. They won't forget it; whenever they hear the text the frivolous thought you connected with it will also occur to them. They in turn repeating it to others, none can tell how many will be diverted from the solemn import of the holy words by the witticism first fastened upon them by yourself, and poor witticism it is. A pun may have rare and genuine wit, only let it not intrude within hallowed bounds. There, however smart, it is pitiful, and unworthy of Christian lips; and often not less than profane. More than one of our readers, we are sure, lament with us the vile plague of an irreverent play on some Scripture verse, which though heard years and years ago, ever fits across the memory whenever the verse is read or heard. Then spare that pun. — *The Living Church.*

#### THE SYMPATHY OF POETS.

O, when my God, my glory, brings  
His white and holy train  
Unto those clear and living springs  
Where comes no stain —

Where all is light, and flowers, and fruit,  
And joy and rest,  
Make me amongst them, 'tis my sigh,  
The last one and the least.

And when they all are fed, and have  
Drunk of the living stream,  
Bid thy poor ass, with tears I crave,  
Drink after them.

Thy love claims highest thanks, my sin  
The lowest pitch;  
But if he pays who loves much, then  
Thou hast made beggars rich.

— *Henry Vaughan, 1621-1695.*

To Henry Vaughan, Poet.

One hope, new-born, is in my heart,  
That I, in time, may grow  
To be as lowly as thou wert,  
Who feel myself more low.

When in the pomp of aisles I walk,  
Amid the actors there,  
I feel how little in their talk  
Comes near the thought I bear.

And long forever from the scene,  
With one chaste soul like thine,  
To fly from all that I have been,  
And what I am refine.

If He who rode the humble foal  
Had tempered so thy pride,  
Poet and saint! what contrite soul  
Should not drink by thy side!

— *T. W. Parsons.*

HOW ROMANISM IS AFFECTED BY PROTESTANTISM. Rev. C. E. Stowe, D. D., writing from Mandarin, Florida, to the *Congregationalist*, gives the following account of a service in the Roman Catholic Church at that place: —

Three times during the morning service, which was in Latin, as usual, a lay member of the congregation arose and gave out an English hymn, which the congregation sang, all standing, the priest also singing with them. Most of them had hymn-books from which they sang, and others seemed to sing from memory. This was in itself a phenomenon, but I borrowed a book, and was still more surprised when I read the hymns. There I found

"Jesus, Saviour of the soul,  
Let me to Thy bosom fly;"

"Rock of Ages, rent for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;"

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow Thee;"

with not a few others of our most spiritual Protestant hymns without any essential change. But most curious of all is a travesty of Dr. Isaac Watts, in which that good old Congregational hymnologist is made to teach the doctrine of transubstantiation, as some of our Unitarian friends, in times past, have made him teach Unitarianism. The hymn reads as follows: —

"My God, my life, my love,  
To Thee, to Thee I call,  
O come to me from heaven above,  
And be my God, my all."

My faith beholds Thee, Lord,  
Concealed in human food;  
My senses fail, but in Thy word,  
I trust, and find my God.

O when wilt Thou be mine,  
Sweet Saviour of my soul?  
My Jesus dear, my King divine,  
Come o'er my heart to rule."

with several other verses of the same sort, some of which come still nearer than the first does to the words and sentiments of Watts. Little did I ever expect to see Dr. Watts, the idol of my childhood, doing duty as a Roman Catholic among the Spaniards of Florida.

JOHN RANDOLPH'S LAST HOURS. — There is a silly story in circulation which affirms that John Randolph, upon

his death-bed in a Philadelphia hotel, did not write "Remorse" on a card, but "R. Morse," that being the name of one of his attendants. The story is contradicted by the full and trustworthy account given of the last hours of Mr. Randolph by Dr. Parrish, his physician. Randolph, after dosing awhile, suddenly cried out, "Remorse! remorse!" "Let me see the word," he added; "Get a dictionary and let me see the word!" There being no dictionary in the room, Randolph said: "Write it down — let me see the word." Dr. Parrish wrote it upon one of Randolph's own visiting-cards, and handed it to him. "He was," says the doctor, "excessively agitated — he repeated, 'Remorse — you can form no idea of it whatever; it has contributed to bring me to my present situation; but I have looked to the Lord Jesus Christ, and hope I have obtained pardon.'" He then gave the card to the doctor, telling him to put it in his pocket, and adding, "When I am dead, burn it!" — *The Era.*

#### YOUR LIFE IS EVEN AS A VAPOR.

DEMONSTRATION OF NATHANIEL.

This life, which seems so fair,  
Is like a bubble blown up in the air  
By sporting children's breath  
Who chase it everywhere,  
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.  
And though it sometimes seem of its own might  
Like to an eye of gold to be fixed there,  
And firm to hover in that empty height,  
That only is, because it is so light;  
But in that pomp it doth not long appear,  
But when 'tis most admired, in a thought,  
Because it erst was naught, it turns to naught.

THE NOSE. — The nose acts like a custom-house officer to the system. It is highly sensitive to the odor of the most poisonous substances. It readily detects hemlock, henbane, monk's-hood, and the plants containing prussic acid; it recognizes the fetid smells of drains, and warns us not to smell the polluted air. The nose is so sensitive that it distinguishes air containing the 200,000th part of a grain of the otto of rose, or the 15,000,000th part of a grain of musk! It tells us in the morning that our bedrooms are impure, and catches the first fragrance of the morning air, and conveys to us the invitation of the flowers to go forth into the fields and inhale their sweet breath. To be led by the nose has hitherto been used as a phrase of reproach; but to have a good nose, and to follow its guidance, is one of the safest and shortest ways to the enjoyment of health.

CAMP-MEETINGS. — The Methodist of this city contains a list of between forty and fifty Camp-Meetings to be held in various parts of the country. This, we presume, but a small part of the whole number which will take place in August and September. So far are such meetings from losing favor as society becomes more refined, that they seem likely to assume more prominence than ever. And with good reason. They have proved their usefulness. The evils sometimes complained of are not inherent, and with good arrangements are easily avoided. Thousands are affected by the continuous influences of a Camp-Meeting who would never be reached by ordinary preaching. It is good, once in a while, to get away from common life and ordinary society, its business, cares, and conventional ways; to found a new community in the groves, and for one or two weeks, to bathe one's whole life in high moral feeling!

He must be insensible to romance, to beauty, and to moral influence, who can go in the evening to a well appointed Camp-Meeting, where the trees are hung with lamps, and the outside darkness gives a strange solemnity to the scene; and hear a hymn raised by two or three thousand voices, rolling through the forest arches, and not be profoundly impressed! For our part we give God-speed to Camp-Meetings — and envy our Methodist brethren that they have so nearly a monopoly of them.

Whether the new style of Camp-Meetings, with permanent houses, and expensive arrangements, will thrive as well as the glorious old extemporized meetings in the wood, we do not know. We hope the best things. But we have our fears. If wealth and fashion get their foot on these grounds, we fear that they will become the second-rate spiritual Saratogas, — where men resort not for healing waters, but for frivolity and ostentation. — *The Christian Union.*

Mr. Blackwell, in the *Woman's Journal*, states forcibly the great question of Prohibition.

"We are not disposed to underrate the importance of the issue. Let us grant all that is claimed by the most ardent advocates of Prohibition. By the removal of temptations now existing, a thousand men may be saved from a drunkard's grave in Massachusetts during the next ten years. A thousand families may be saved from pauperism. Ten thousand infamous crimes may be prevented. By abolishing the liquor saloons, the Commonwealth will render unnecessary the future erection of almshouses and penitentiaries, and may apply the public money to industrial and educational enterprises. The idea is noble and inspiring. Who would be so selfish as to weigh money or self-indulgence in the scale against such hopes as these? What luxury is so exquisite as self-denial for the good of others? What interest so sacred as virtue?"

An Irish lover remarked that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

Once when a bad man died, a savage wit being apprised of the event, observed that the average value of mankind has been thereby raised.

## For the Children.

## THE VOICES AT THE THRONE.

A little child,  
A little meek-faced, quiet village child,  
Sat singing, by her cottage door at eve,  
A low, sweet Sabbath song. No human ear  
Caught the faint melody. No human eye  
Beheld the upturned aspect of the smile,  
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breathed  
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,  
"Praise God! praise God!"

A seraph by the throne,  
In the full glory stood. With eager hands  
He smote the golden harpstrings, till a flood  
Of harmony, on the celestial air,  
Well forth unceasing. Then, with a great voice,  
He sang the "Holy, holy, evermore,  
Lord God Almighty!" And the eternal courts  
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarch,  
Angel, and wrapt archangel, throbbled and burned  
With vehement adoration. Higher yet  
Rose the majestic anthem without pause,  
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,  
To its full strength; and still the infinite heaven  
Rang with the "Holy, holy, evermore;"  
Till trembling with excess of awe and love,  
Each coopered spirit sank before the Throne  
With a mute Hallelujah. But even then,  
While the ecstatic song was at its height,  
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed  
To float, float upward from some world afar,  
A weak and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet!  
That blended with the seraph's rushing strain,  
Even as a fountain's music with the roar  
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles  
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face,  
At the new utterance; smiles of joy, that grew  
More joyous yet, as ever and anon  
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn,  
"Praise God! praise God!" and when the seraph's song  
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre  
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts  
Rang with but echoes of his chant sublime—  
Still through the aethereal space that wandering voice  
Came floating upward from its world afar,  
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,  
"Praise God! praise God!"

—*Youth's Magazine, London.*

## PLANTS WITHOUT ROOT.

## CHAPTER XL.

BY ANNA WARNER.

Stunned, bewildered, helpless, Peter Limp lay for a minute under a shower of blows, nor even tried to raise himself. But then he struggled to his feet, facing some tall figure in the starlight.

"Curse yer!" he said savagely, "what's yer arter, now?"

"What are you after?" said young Skillet, taking Peter by the collar and giving him a shake. "How many of our sheep have you set a running? hey?"

"Run along arter 'em and mebbe yer'll find out!" said Peter Limp, striving to free himself. "I ain't a-teched nothin'—'thout it's this here plaguy gate?"

"What were you doing to the gate?" said young Skillet, with another shake.

"I say!—let me be, will yer?" growled Peter. "Guess likely I's a right to shut anybody's gate—if I's a mind ter."

"And I say, what were you doing here?" repeated the young man.

"Come ter ask arter yer health," said Peter doggedly. "I ain't teched yer sheep; and if yer's so anxious about 'em, guess likely yer jest wastin' time over 'em."

Something in this suggestion seemed to strike Mr. Skillet, for, latching the gate with a kick, he collared Peter more firmly and dragged him along towards the house. Here, into some out-house, or out-standing closet, or shed—he could not quite tell which—Peter was thrust, and securely locked in, while the young farmer, calling together his hands, set off with lantern and dog to see after his flock of sheep.

Peter stood still—or rather, lay still—in the dark, huddled together in a heap on the floor, just as he had been tossed in unceremoniously by young Skillet. Then, by degrees, he raised himself up, and began to feel round the place he was in. It seemed half full of empty barrels and lumber, and Peter went hitting his head against sharp corners, and tearing his fingers with outstretched nails, till he was quite tired of that amusement. There was no window,—nothing more than a few pigeon-holes high up towards the roof, and no door but the one by which he had come in. Peter sat down again, and studied the situation. He had scarcely felt the cold, thus far, in his eager excitement, but now, cooling down a little in mind, Peter began to feel how sharp the night was, and how keen-edged the wind that came in upon him through every knot-hole and crack.

"Friz ter death all night, and beat ter death in the mornin'," said Peter to himself, reviewing the situation, and with that he jumped to his feet once more, and began a yet more careful examination of his prison. Some of the floor boards seemed partially loose, but the weight of lumber on them was too great for Peter's single strength, or would take too much time and make too much noise in the removing. Then he tried the boards of the siding. Nailed

fast, of course, all of these were, but Peter at last found one which rusty or broken nails held but slightly. A vigorous push at this, then a very pinching clamber through the opening, and Peter Limp stood free and unwatched in the starlight,—unwatched, except by the all-seeing One to whom the night shineth as the day; whose eyes run to and fro through the whole earth, to search out those who serve Him, and those who disobey. And some thought of Him crossed Peter Limp's mind at this minute, as he looked hastily up towards the sky, with a strange recollection of the reading of that very night:—

"Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children."  
"Tain't no sort o' use for me," said Peter, with a kind of long-drawn sigh. "Molly—she's different. And I can't hold out no longer! Jest see now what's come o' it this time," he went on, working himself up. "If I'd ha' been with 'em, all reg'lar, o' course they wouldn't ha' gone off like that. Wish I knowed how ter square up with that ere Skillet afore I go!"—and Peter looked about him and began to consider.

He was near the house, but every window and door was fast shut, and there was no sign or hope of booty in that direction. Peter walked slowly along towards the barns again, keeping a wary lookout on all sides, but pretty well assured that young Skillet and his men were far away in hot pursuit after the sheep. The night was wearing away now, and the old moon came softly up in the eastern sky, flinging pale shadows and a pale light upon the snow.

"He sees what you do—He hears what you say"—so rang Mrs. Kessett's words of long ago, in the ears of Peter Limp; and with them came the words of later reading and talks with little Molly:—

"My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not."

Peter hesitated and drew another long breath,—then shook himself free of thoughts and hurried on.

"There's no livin' so," he said to himself; "and I's got ter pick up somewheres. I can't go a-beggin' and waitin' like Moll. Now in course it'll never do ter come up here in the mornin'—so I'd as good take all I wants to-night."

And with a certain hardness of determination Peter Limp went stealthily about in his old fashion, seeking for spoil. In that cold weather most available things were stored away, quite beyond the reach of the frost or of him; but, having once set his mind to evil, Peter was not so easily balked. In the very dim light of the barn and stable, he went feeling round; pulling a bag from one corner and a basket from another, then finding his way to the corn-crib, it was but a few minutes work to fill both bag and basket. Sooth to say, Mr. Skillet had thought himself so far from Vinegar Hill, that he had grown careless of bolts and bars. Stumbling over a bridle, Peter took that too; and finally, as the last step in the process of "squaring up," he set the stable door wide open, and coolly untying the halters of two or three horses that stood there, left them to finish the matter their own way.

Then Peter made off. The moon had risen higher and higher, and more than one shrill cock-crow told that the small hours of the night were slipping fast away; and far off in the distance, Peter saw one or two faint, moving specks of light, which could only have belonged to young Skillet and his men, returning from their fruitless chase after the sheep. Peter quickened his steps,—got clear of the farm and all its belongings, dodged and turned, and went backwards, and zigzag, to confuse his track in the snow; and at last struck the high road, and from it turned gladly into the dirty, well-marked track which led to Vinegar Hill.

Gladly, did I say?—nay, there was very little sign of gladness in Peter Limp's heart that morning. "Telled her it wouldn't pay!" he kept repeating to himself; but for all that, when he had dropped the heavy sack and basket into some dark hiding-place, Peter found that after all, the weight had been on his heart and not on his shoulders. He would not venture an encounter with his father at that hour of possible returning consciousness; and curling himself down between his bag and basket, Peter slept an uneasy, troubled sleep, until the morning sun had risen, bright and clear, over all the frozen world. Jem Crook stood by his side.

"So that's what yer up to?" said Jem with a kick at the basket. "Don't care about mutton, 'cause yer perfers corn! yer did it well, Peter,—didn't think it was in yer. I vow I thought yer meant it!"

"Did mean it," said Peter, rousing himself sulkily.

"And don't," said Jem Crook.

"Pretty work yer made of it," said Peter, carrying the war into the enemy's country. "Leavin' a feller there all night."

"Couldn't get t' yer—that's all," said Jem Crook, with a sly twinkle in his eyes. "Hain't slept more'n ten winks, jest for thinkin' of it. How did yer get home, Peter? and how did yer leave young Skillet?"

"Ain't seen nor heard o' young Skillet," said Peter gruffly, and yer'd best not ask arter him too close, Jem Crook. Get out o' the way!—I'm a goin' in."

"Goin' ter read?" inquired Jem Crook in his most affectionate manner. "Won't yer give me no invite, Peter?—like ter hear yer, fast rate."

"Tell yer, no!" said Peter again, in no gentle tones. "I ain't got time for sich stuff; jest foolin' yer I was, last night, Jem. Hist!"

They were in full sight of the house door, now, and at this moment it opened and little Molly came out on the doorstep. The thin, pinched little face and figure smote Peter to the heart, and he faltered and fell back a step.

"Peter! Peter!" she called,— "where's you, Peter?" "I's here," said Peter, advancing with bag and basket, while Jem Crook stopped and looked on, grinning. "What's the row, Moll?"

"O Peter," said the little girl, "is you ready? We's got to be right off, Peter. Father said so afore he went."

"Catch me goin' up to Skillet's this day," said Peter, "and yer'll catch more'n anythin' yer a mind ter. See here, Moll,—that'll last more'n one day, I reckon."

"Where's you been, Peter? where'd you get it?" said Molly.

"Kind o' trade it was," said Peter, lifting his sack inside the door. "One o' them 'ere farmers thought as how I'd done somethin' for him, and wanted ter pay, yer see, Moll; so I fetched home this."

Half-anxious, half-satisfied, the child looked up in his face—then back again for Jem Crook; but Jem had disappeared, and Molly drew a breath of relief, and came in and shut the door.

"I's so glad," she said. "And we'll read all day!"

"Now jest yer shut up about readin'," said Peter, turning to her roughly. "I's got somethin' else ter do, Moll. Twon't pay, that won't."

And Peter flung down his corn in a heap in the corner, tossed the bag upon the little chip fire, and rushed out of the house to lose his thoughts in the snow.

He that received the seed into stony places, the same is he that heareth the word, and anon with joy receiveth it; yet hath he not root in himself, but dureth for a while; for when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by and by he is offended."

## PREPARE FOR THE FALL AND WINTER.

Boys and girls, the time for active operations is coming, and the Sunday-school army should be up and ready for work. Do you enjoy your school, see that every boy and girl you know goes to one, and if you can find one who does not, invite him to go to yours, tell him of your class, your teacher, your books, and your nice music, and persuade him to go, and if he gets interested, he will have friends that he can persuade to go, so that indirectly you can get very many into the Sabbath-school, where they may be taught the "way of life." And then, scholars, make the resolve that "my lesson shall be well learnt, and when I go to school, I will try and give my teacher as little trouble as I can;" in this way your example will have the effect to lead others to try and behave well.

Now I want to say a word to the teachers. Let us resolve that we will go to our classes prepared with the lesson with patience, and with faith that our labors will be blessed.

Let no session of the school see our class without a teacher; if we go away, send a substitute, one better than ourselves if we can.

Let our scholars see that we have an interest in them, in their plans, in their daily life.

Some teachers read off their questions, not knowing whether they are answered or not; and when the lesson is finished, they lay back and wait impatiently for the signal to close the school. Now it seems to me a little conversation with your class would interest them, and they would see that you did not come there in a formal manner, but that you were their friend, and they soon would make you their confidant, and much good advice could be easily given, which would be of great benefit to the scholar.

SAMOTH.

ARE YOU IN EARNEST?—As a city minister was going down—street, a small boy hailed him, calling him by name, and saying, "Mr. —, my mother wants to see you." "For what?" he inquired; "is she sick?" "No," said the boy; "but she wants to see you about my papa." And immediately the good missionary turned and went with the little fellow to the house. He found the mother exceedingly joyful, and inquiring into the cause of her happiness, found that his prayers and efforts for the conversion of her husband had been attended with the divine blessing. The happy woman said, "O, sir, your visits to my husband have been the means of his conversion. Other persons have visited him and talked to him by the half hour, and urged him to seek the Lord, but he would answer them in a trifling way, saying, 'I will attend to the matter when the time comes.' But, sir, when you left him, after talking with him and giving him tracts, he said to me, 'That man looks as if he meant all he said; and I must read my Bible, that's certain.' And sir, he has persevered, and he is a new man. He goes to church with us, and we are happy in the Lord." Fellow-laborer for souls, are you really in earnest? Do those who hear you feel that you really mean what you say?—*Observer.*

Calino, a second Scholasticos, was once on an excursion where lodgings were scarce, and in looking about for a pillow, found a large stone jar, on which he laid his head contently. Some one inquired of him if it was not rather hard. "Not at all," said he, "for I've stuffed it with hay." It was a saying of his that "Providence had placed death at the end of life, in order to give people time to prepare for it."

## THE CANADA M. E. CHURCH.

The reception of our delegates by the General Conference of the Canada M. E. Church, took place September 3d at Ingersoll. Rev. Drs. Brown and Cocher were appointed delegates. Prof. Cocher being absent in Europe, Rev. W. H. Olin was invited to act as his substitute. The large house was crowded, and the services very interesting. We give the reports of the speeches from *The Canada Christian Advocate*. Our address was read, and the following resolution was offered:—

*Resolved*, That this Conference receives with the highest satisfaction and Christian cordiality the fraternal greeting of our dear fathers and brethren of the M. E. Church in the United States, as borne to us by their loved and worthy representatives, Rev. S. C. Brown, and his associate, as also their official address and epistle, which we receive with thankfulness, rejoicing in their prosperity, and praying the Divine blessing may rest on them and on us in the bonds of fellowship through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Dr. Brown, coming forward to address the Conference said, that his appointed colleague, Rev. Dr. Cocher, could not attend this Conference, being absent in Europe, but Rev. Dr. Olin is present to supply his lack of service. As for himself, the sentiments of the address were his sentiments. He felt honored in the position he occupied to-day. He did not feel as if he was in a foreign body. He felt that we were a part of their vine, which had run over the wall and fruited on the other side. He said you may have struck roots of your own on the other side, but we have never cut the main branch. You seem to be bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. We regard you in the light of a child, and we are not ashamed of our child. We are inclined to have an old-fashioned New England thanksgiving one of these days, when all the children will be invited home. You and we have of late been sadly bereaved. We were mourning for our fallen bishops; weeping at the tombs of our great ones, when the word came of the death of your beloved bishop. Salute spirits! I see them pausing in their upward flight to cheer us on in our work, bidding us abate not one jot of heart or hope till the world is conquered for Christ. May their mantles fall on us their sons. In our late century work, we have in Christian liberality gone beyond our greatest expectations. One million dollars were hoped for, eight millions were realized. We have 8,530 traveling preachers. An American bishop of another Church, while addressing an audience in England recently, boasted that a majority of the ministers in his diocese had come from other denominations. Our heart is, that we raise our own preachers. Your Church may have had some raids from us, but I am not here fishing. We shall not quarrel on the fishery question. We have local preachers, 10,000; church members, 1,300,000; churches, 12,000; parsonages, 4,000. Value of these, over \$54,000,000. Increase last year, about \$6,000,000. We have of Sunday-schools, 16,000; scholars, 1,150,000; colleges and universities, 23; professors, 183; students, 5,250; other seminaries, 85; professors and teachers, 504; students, 14,000. The total property invested in these institutions is \$6,000,000, one million of which is in the theological seminaries. Annual graduates from colleges, 250; benevolent contributions, missionary collections last year, \$630,000; Preachers' Aid Society, \$130,000; Church Extension, \$61,565; American Bible Society, \$95,000; Tract Society, \$21,212; S. S. Union, \$21,000; Freedman's Aid, \$40,000.

You have thanked God, with us, for the death of that monster Slavery. Some did not sympathize with us in our conflict as they ought. Our wisest statesmen were utterly confounded when they sought a way to get rid of this terrible evil. The Church labored and prayed, weeping between the porch and the altar, in view of this great reproach, and seeking in every possible way its extirpation, scarcely expecting that God would so soon answer the prayer. The knot which the most skillful could not untie was cut by the sword of "military necessity," and slavery died by its own hand, the death of the suicide. It was fitting that such a monster should thus die. As yet, we scarcely realize our great deliverance. It seems almost incredible that we who only hoped that by the gradual though slow spread of anti-slavery sentiment, our children's children might witness the overthrow of this vile system—have lived ourselves to hear the word spoken which proclaimed liberty to four millions of our race. We feel somewhat like one who has been confined in a chain gang, and is but just liberated. Our gait is still awkward, and we have scarcely yet acquired the free use of our limbs, but we hope soon to make nobler strides in the work which Providence may indicate. We recognize no mores and bonds in the work of God. National lines and sectional limits have no power to circumscribe the love of Christ, nor should they that of his disciples. "Nature," says Plutarch, "gives us no country." "We are born," as Seneca said, "not Athenians, nor Greeks, but citizens of the world; having no narrower boundary than the sky, with the same supreme ruler, under the same just, equitable and immutable laws." Various are the modifications of the laws of love, and varied are the obligations and duties. The domestic relations require fidelity in the discharge of the duties of husband, father, etc. Patriotism requires us to speak and act, and if need be to die for our country, but it is to be feared that in our commendable love of country we fail to recognize the wider relation of humanity. There is too much truth in the words of Cowper, "Lands interested by a narrow frith abhor each other. Mountains interposed make enemies of nations, which had else, like kindred drops, been mingled into one." But Christianity, rising to a sublime altitude, recognises the brotherhood of man. All nations are made of one blood, and in reference to Christian duty and labor, its great Founder declared, "The field is the world."

The signs of the times betoken the coming of that glad period when the watchmen shall see eye to eye, and when the whole sacramental host, of every name, shall march shoulder to shoulder under the banner of Christ, to the conquest of the world. The desire of the great body which I am permitted to represent will be secured if our mutual greetings shall tend to hasten the accomplishment of this sublime event.

Rev. Dr. Olin, of Birmingham, New York, being called to give an address, came forward.

He said, I feel it is good for me to be here. I had not expected to be here, but a few days ago I was favored with an "invitation," and like some others, I "accepted it at once," and I feel perfectly at home on a short notice. It is just being proposed to annex the United States to Canada, and I go in for the proposition. I was all eyes and all ears in coming through this lovely country over which I travelled in coming here, and over which you as pastors and teachers are permitted to come and go; and surely the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places.

I have often wondered how it was that there should be two Methodist Episcopal Churches so far north. I feel a longing desire that all Methodist bodies may be one in name as they are in fact, thus doubling our power and ability for spreading the Gospel.

We accept the apostolic commission, "Go ye into all the world." It is fully conceded that it is consistent for us to have a Conference in India, and I cannot see why it should be inconsistent for us to have a Conference here. We cannot be hindered by streams or intervening mountains. We believe no live Church can live without a missionary spirit and missionary work.

The missionary work has not reached its height with us. The appropriations this year were \$800,000. There were six noble men ordained the other day in Chicago as missionaries for China. There is also an increase of men for India and other places. A young lady in my congregation has given herself to be a teacher in India.

I feel it an honor to have one from my pastoral charge thus dedicate herself to such a noble work. We have had glorious fruitage this year from the foreign fields. With King William of Prussia in his last "order" (a telegram just thus received), we say, "What a course events in God's Providence have taken!" This is a day of strange things. It seemed a strange

thing last year, when a Chinaman came and sought out one of our ministers in Oregon and deposited his letter of Church membership. We expected to have to go to them, but they have come to us. They are here to-day, a hundred thousand strong. Our Church is a temperance Church. Thank God it is so! It does not require much courage in one of our ministers to be a temperance man, but it does require a great deal of sneaking impudence to be anything else. We understand temperance in the teetotal sense, and our Church is as truly temperate in the teetotal sense as it used to be anti-slavery. Our Church facilities of fellowship and Christian instruction are a power in indoctrinating our families and the young among us in the truth. A papal priest admitted not long ago that the M. E. Church was the best compacted of any to antagonize Romanism. Methodism is a unit in favor of a spiritual and organic religion.

I have to mention two other institutions not mentioned by Dr. Brown, namely: Camp and Revival meetings. Bro. Brown asks me to tell you about his Camp-meeting. It was held not long ago at Martha's Vineyard. It lasted two months; ten days of which were wholly given up to the religious services. It has been held yearly for thirty-five years. I was happy while there among the worshippers and gaining upon over one thousand tents and cottages of the spiritual city. It seemed a fit dwelling for the angels who came down to charm us home to their best abode. Camp-meeting fires are burning to-day through the length and breadth of the land. We are glad to mingle with you here in your present duties in promoting the common salvation.

Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of the M. E. Book Concern, Cincinnati, was next called upon.

He felt a great interest in the Church, and had always been a firm friend to her in her difficulties. He had also a deep interest in this place. He had longed to come here. Here his fond father and mother were, many years ago, converted to God. By her knee he afterward knelt in prayer and was saved. He must leave in a few minutes by the train, therefore he would not lengthen his remarks.

Dr. McCarty, of Adrian, next spoke: He said the growth of the M. E. Church here is a marvel. He had long wished to see this Conference, and though he represented no one but himself he was glad he had come. After several other happy remarks, he retired amidst applause.

Bishop Richardson, Rev. S. W. LaDu, of Wisconsin, Rev. J. H. Leonard of Chicago, and Rev. Gardiner, Wild, and Webster, of this Conference, followed with suitable greetings and responses, after which the Conference adjourned.

Both the brethren preached on the Sabbath, to great acceptance. These addresses excited so great interest, that the Conference requested their repetition, and Monday evening was appropriated to the service, which continued until eleven o'clock. The responses of the brethren on both occasions were warm and frequent. On Tuesday morning the farewell services took place, and the venerable Bishop Richardson, over eighty years of age, declared this had been the happiest occasion of his life, and he hoped to live to see the day when his Church should be united to our own. The Conference seemed nearly unanimous in this opinion. The whole occasion was enthusiastic, and is an assurance that the severed branch will be united to its original vine, from which it should never have been severed.

## Our Book Table.

## EDUCATIONAL.

**PROTECTION TO NATIVE INDUSTRY**, by Sir Edward Luthven, Bart. (Chicago Bureau Printing Co.), is a plea for protection, originally for England, but transferred to America. It sets forth the tariff side of this controversy with shrewdness and force.

**ROBINSON'S FIRST LESSONS IN ARITHMETIC** (Iverson, Blake, Taylor & Co.) is a substitute for "Colburn's First Lessons," that has no successor. Robinson does well, and if Colburn had not lived, might have had the first place in this art of teaching young ideas how to cipher.

## PAMPHLETS.

**Religion in the State and School**, by R. W. Clark, D. D., pp. 16 (American and Foreign Christian Union), is a timely answer to Dr. Spear's very mistaken and very demoralizing articles in *The Independent*, against any recognition of Christianity by the State. Dr. Clarke proves, unanswerably, that our fathers, in their constitutions and laws, recognized Christianity. There is no work more dangerous or more false than that which seeks to set up a political system without any connection with Jesus Christ. Unless He is the recognized head of the nation, it will sink into ruin. Dr. Clarke's words are timely; but the best answer to Dr. Spear is to put the recognition of Christianity into the National Constitution. All laws are created to remedy evils that have become known and felt. This whole debate would never have arisen, had not our fathers formally omitted from one document that which found entrance into most other constitutions. It ought to be placed in the National Constitution.

**An Examination of the Assurance of Salvation and the Certainty of Belief**, to which we are affectionately invited by the Pope, by Leonard Woolsey Bacon (American and Foreign Christian Union), pp. 24, is the long title of a short essay, which is crammed full of the best matter, in the best shape. Dr. Stone's "Invitation Heeded" is "out up" awfully. Mr. Bacon, under direction of Dr. Keatinge, examined the Roman Catholic library at Fordham, or up the Hudson, and was so busy upon this work, that it was given out that he was becoming a Papist. He was Ulysses in the wooden horse. He entered Troy, and brings back from his invasion great trophies. He shows up the inadequacy of Romanism to give salvation in a most pungent examination of its promises. To Dr. Stone is shown that he has no assurance of salvation from any source in his Church. Every foothold is taken away. Not even a special decree of the infallible can make him perfectly secure. Every minister and troubled member should read this superb satire.

**The United States Internal Revenue and Tariff Law** (Harper Bros.), pp. 100, puts the whole mass of taxable matter into shape, with index. It will be found a valuable help to the manufacturer and the importer.

The struggle going on in the Unitarian body over a creed, appears in all their words and works. Rev. A. P. Putnam, of Brooklyn, takes the creed side, and defends it in a sermon, entitled, *The Unitarian Denomination, Past and Present* (Crosby & Damrell). He, however, finds even Dr. Channing against him, in the very words he quotes: "I meet in Christianity no minute legislation, no descending to precise details, no arbitrary injunctions, no yoke of ceremonies, no outward religion. I meet there, not a formal, rigid

creed, binding on the intellect, through all ages, the mechanical, passive repetition of the same words and the same ideas." That is the Apostle's Creed is not in Christianity; nor the Ten Commandments, nor the confession of Peter to Christ, nor the affirmations of Paul and John. The fact is, the Anti-creedists have Channing on their side all the time, and all the early Unitarians. This new movement is to "save the pieces," and, like all distressed and shipwrecked people, there is little regard for precedent. Mr. Putnam was educated at Newbury, and its good influences have not utterly left him. If he and the Colliers, and a few others, whose early training lingers around their present words, would only let that training work its perfect work, they would find themselves where there is not only a correct creed, but a vital faith in it, and a joyful life and holy works corresponding. His effort to put new patches into this old garment only makes the rent worse.

**Sunday-school Teaching**, by S. S. R. Ford (Carlton & Latham), gives aid to teachers in this difficult work. The two aids most necessary are a full head and a full heart.

**National Education**, an Oration delivered before the Illinois Wesleyan University, by Rev. A. C. George, D. D. This discourse portrays ably the condition and needs of America. The South and the Far West are chiefly deficient. It pleads ably the imperative need of a universal system of education.

**The Present and Long Continued Signation of Trade; Its Causes, Effects, and Cure**, by a Manchester Man (London: Simpkins, Marshall, & Co.), pp. 39, paints the present state of manufacturing England, and declares it is because there is not enough of Free Trade. Some would say it is because there is too much. It is really because of the evils, no co-operation of capital and labor; and because of intemperance. Five millions of pounds tax gathered annually from the English poor for malt excise, shows where one evil lies. The other is over-production; and that is because of the non-union of labor and capital. These two evils can be cured; and until cured, England will suffer. She adds \$500,000,000 annually to her wealth, and her people starve. Something's rotten. What is it? Her Christians and statesmen must ask, till they answer.

**Peat Fuel, and How to Make It**, by T. B. Leavitt, pp. 62 (Lee & Shepard), shows how easy it is, when you know how, to make fuel out of dirt. It gives abundance of facts; but what folks want, is the cheap fuel. It tells how intense is the heat, and complete the consumption of peat, leaving only six per cent. of refuse, while coal leaves twenty-five per cent. It teaches that we have it at our own doors, and prophesies that every railroad and factory will make their own fuel. Anything to cheapen this great need of society will be gladly welcomed. Mr. Leavitt makes peat mills at East Lexington, Mass.

**Sprinkling the True Mode of Water Baptism**, by Rev. Selah W. Brown, pp. 21, is a brief and able putting of Scripture facts on Baptism. It will be hard for an immersionist to kick against these prickles of common sense and Scripture language. Send to Rev. Mr. Brown, Waterford, N. Y., for a copy. Price, twenty cents.

**History of Methodism in Monson**, by Rev. R. H. Howard. A little late is this notice of a very deserving act. If all our brethren would gather up, and print the memorials of their churches, they would do a good and great work. Bro. Howard makes a very interesting story of the rise and progress of this Church. It was established by Rev. Horace Moulton, well called the "breaking-up plough" of the N. E. Conference, who began that business in this town when a student at its Academy. He started meetings, had a revival, and was made class leader. Rev. Mosely Dwight came to town to work, a convert of Rev. Anabel Nettleton's. Here he was baptized with the Holy Ghost, and in 1832 became the same Christian radical that he has been ever since,—a teetotaler, an anti-tobacco man, and a believer and enjoyer of full salvation. Rev. Messrs. Braman and Damm were both thrust into the ministry from this charge, good fruit from good soil. Rev. W. B. Olds was the chief instrument of building up the society. It is now a flourishing charge.

**The Art Review**, for September (Chicago: E. H. Trafton), is choicely printed, and handsomely illustrated—a beautiful steel engraving of a scene in the Rocky Mountains being its chief treasure. It is well got up, and deserves large patronage. Mr. Trafton has been our Chicago correspondent, and of course knows how to write.

**Spiritualism Condemned by the Bible and by the Testimony of its Own Witnesses**, by Mrs. M. D. Wellcome, Yarmouth, Me. Pp. 32. This is a timely tract on a current abomination that maketh desolate many hearths and hearts. "Unclean spirits like frogs," is its happy motto. It should be put in everybody's hands who is bit with this madness of hell.

**The Millennium**, by Mrs. M. D. Wellcome, is less valuable than her "Spiritualism." She argues in favor of the millennial epoch as distinct from the growth of the Church; but her argument being based chiefly on a few allegorical passages in Revelation, should be taken with carefulness. The theme is grand, but should not absorb our souls. Work and war is our duty. Let God in his own time and way give the victory.

**Glimpses of the Medical Art and Profession of the Present Day**. The Annual Address before the Mass. Eclectic Medical Society, by C. Edwin Mills, M. D. Dr. Mills discusses the leading systems of medicine, and leading opinions of the doctors. He shows disagreements abundant, and yet agreements coming out of the differences, that may yet harmonize all schools and systems in the only wise conclusion, experience.

**A New and Effective Method of Treating Consumption through Artificial Calcification**, by Carl Both, M. D. (E. P. Dutton & Co.), attempts to solve the last and worst problem of medicine and disease. The conquering of this foe would be a triumph greater far than the subjugation of small-pox, cholera or yellow fever. If Dr. Both has succeeded, all the land will build him statues and fill his coffers. Some people get well under his treatment, but does he cure them? Read his pamphlet, afflicted ones, and consult him, if you believe in him.

**The Protestant Episcopal Church: What She Has, What She Lacks, and What is Her True Position with Reference to Other Churches**. Pp. 26. N. Tibbals & Co. It is a good sign when a Methodist house issues such a pamphlet. It is calm, complimentary, catholic. It will do all that denomination good to read it. A true branch, it needs, as do all pruning, that it may bring forth more fruit. Great conflicts rage within it. They must work out its purity or its destruction. The former will triumph, if the true disciples are faithful.

## THE HERALD.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 22, 1870.

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## SPEAKING THE TRUTH.

Dr. Floy, one of the bravest men that God has given to our or any Church, wrote a sub-autobiography for *The National*, under the title of "Jonathan Honestus," in which the perils and miseries and failures of a young man, in every effort to get a livelihood, were traced to his unflinching adhesion to truth.

There is, perhaps, no duty so universally set forth in the Bible—as the whole end and aim of Revelation and of God, its Author, in His relations with man, as the establishment of truth; and there is no word and work so uniformly and faithfully repelled by man. We do not refer now to the especial doctrines of the Gospel, though these have their solidity and force solely in their truth. If they are in the least degree fictitious, they are failures. They are everything or nothing.

But we refer to a point seldom treated of, and seldom meditated upon, that the Bible, from the start, proclaims itself an oracle of truth; that it repeats this word a multitude of times, and always, almost, in connection with God Himself, or the work which He is engaged in prosecuting on the earth. There are more than two hundred express declarations of His truth in the Bible.

The first man was the first liar, and it was probably his lying that shut the door of his repentance. God's truth appears in the first pages of the Scriptures against the passion, the pride, the fear, and the falsehood of Adam. These four base elements have corrupted his posterity till this hour, and leave their weakness over the works and words even of those who are, through Christ, rescued from the amplest control of the devil.

When God organizes His purposes of grace into a national form, He lays down as the corner-stone, "The Lord, the Lord God merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth;" and Moses, in his valedictory, declares that He is a "God of truth." David makes his Psalms ring with this attribute, and sets it forth as the first law of grace. Solomon gives it the highest place in wisdom. Isaiah shouts its praises, and, with Jeremiah, bewails its absence among the people.

Christ opened His mission with the annunciation, "He is full of grace and truth," and concluded among His disciples with the declaration that the great object of the advent of the Spirit of God is to lead them into all truth. He consummates His whole life work and word by declaring to Pilate who alone were the subjects of the realm in which He was King, "Art Thou a King, then?" Jesus answered, "To this end was I born. For this cause came I into the world, that I should be a witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth my words."

The Apostles abide in the great idea of their Master. Paul gives it his fervid support, and John his all-penetrating power. The very word of the Bible ends as it began—save in more fearful import—dooming the first liars to earthly misery and physical death, and the last and persistent liars to everlasting burnings.

Truth is therefore the be-all and the end-all of the word and work of God.

But all this, perhaps, none will formally deny. And yet we are in danger of losing sight of its efficiency in the mere repetition of the word itself. No people use the name of God so often in their prayers as the Mohammedans; and yet God, in reality, is not in all their thoughts. So truth we may all commend in the ab-

stract, and yet shun its utterance and defense when we come to the real duty of the hour. It is a fire shut up in the bones; but which, like all fires, if it have no ventilation, no outgoing, soon ceases to exist at all. Therefore the Apostle enjoins the *speaking* the truth. There's a devil's proverb that "Truth should not be spoken at all times," which, like "Charity begins at home," "Right, but not expedient," has done the souls of men immeasurable harm, has rotted whole bodies of believers into silence, sin, and destruction. The whole history of the Church, to the present hour, proves this fact. Jeremiah's pages are full of complaints for Israel's falsehood. Hosea cries out, "The Lord has a controversy with this land, because there is no truth nor mercy nor knowledge of God in the land."

Not less did the churches of Asia crumble because of their timidity; and our land has seen a Church, founded in apostolic zeal and faith and truth, through unwillingness to speak the truth which it believed, become the abettor in the greatest crime, and the greatest war for its perpetuation and propagation, that any age has seen.

The truth must be spoken at all times. The great truths of God are, like His nature, never ceasing in their activity, their power, their demand. Only by speaking it, can it gain the mastery. The world is in the Wicked One, the Father of Lies. It can be won to Christ and God only by the proclamation of the truth, everywhere, and in every form, and to whatever ends it may lead.

As Whately says of Christ's declaration to Pilate—"Many things make men hesitate to speak the truth." The policy of this world is against it. It will hurt existing systems. Wait awhile, and the evil will cure itself. So the monks plead with Luther. So our brethren of the border and the South plead with us. Nevertheless it must be spoken. As sure as we are dumb, we die. It is often true that "Silence is crime."

But to do this, involves much disagreeableness and danger. Thus Paul spoke in Jerusalem—careful to bring in the whole truth; in Athens; before Agrippa, shrewdly, wisely; but it was there, and before they knew it, they were caught. How admirably he captured the Jews! How superbly he set Jesus before the Athenians in a position which the Hill of Mars, of all others, suggested, and which they would, of all others, receive—the Judge of Man! And how adroitly he added to that judicial office its preliminary act of the resurrection!

But speech only will not avail. It must be acted, it must be wrought into forms and laws. Had Wesley merely talked, he would have raised no mobs. He organized his words into works. His seed grew and became a great tree. People instinctively see the difference between words that are mere words, and those that mean work. The slaveholders cared not for appeals and protests. But when they saw that we were expelling men from our communion for holding slaves, then they rose upon us. When Gruber was brought before magistrates for carrying out the Discipline, they mobbed him out of their sight. So when the Church fell into slumber of indifferent talk, they ceased to care. But Garrison frightened them as he who

"Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,  
 And told him half his Troy was burned."

We must speak the truth in a way that shows that we love it, will serve it, and make it the ultimate conqueror.

## "LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE WHILE THE BELL RINGS."

This American warning seems very timely, in view of a note we lately received from a distinguished representative of the Anti-Christian school of Christianity. As it was written, evidently, for the public, no private person being mentioned in its address, we grant him the favor he seeks, and that he would hardly have found through his own projected journal—a real public notice:—

"August 24, 1870.

"EDITOR ZION'S HERALD. Dear Sir:—When I came to Chicago you gave me a kind notice as 'the ablest' and 'boldest heretic of to-day,' and commended me to Chicago prayers, for the conversion of my soul, and the dedication of my 'brilliant powers' to the service of your 'Saviour and God.'

"Sooner than I dared hope, that has come about for which I most earnestly prayed when I left my pulpit in Medford. I am now entering upon a position from which I can do a hundred fold more for radical truth than I ever could in a parish pulpit. Most remarkable special providences have followed and guided me during these last years. And I now, in God's blessed name, and the name of Christ's truth, separated from his errors, by Christian exercise of faith and reason, give you and your gods notice to quit the Christian temple. I propose to organize the expulsion from Christianity of the 'astounding God-Man,' and the infallible 'Holy Bible,' as fictions of superstition. Your theological heathenism has nearly run its course; the Christian mind demands a Christianity of the radical principles of love to men and loyalty to God, separated finally and forever from the Christianity of existing sects and creeds.

"I am in Christian faith very truly yours,  
 "EDWARD C. TOWNE, Winnetka, Ill."

The Rev. Mr. Towne thus kindly rings his bell and blows his warning whistle, even before the bell is hung, or the steam gotten up whereof the whistle is made; nay, before locomotive or road is built. It is a ghostly bell,—one of those ghosts that pipes and whistles in the sound. We are required to stand trembling for a month, awaiting the terrible genius who is to drive us and our "gods" out of "the Christian temple." A whole month, six weeks, even, this agony is to continue. The old inquisitorial rack inflicted no such torture. We pause in the midst of our goings, suddenly arrested by this prophetic spectre. The gift of prophecy that Mr. Towne undoubtedly declares has evanished, or rather never existed, he himself unconsciously puts on. He utters his oracle. He foresees and foretells the future. He warns the Christian world that its reign is coming to an end. He is raised up for its destruction. "Most remarkable special providences have followed and guided" him for this task.

We are happy to see that the Christian doctrine of special providences is an article of his creed. They have undoubtedly "followed and guided" him, though not in a way he quite understands. They removed him from the pastorate of an influential church, as they did Mr. Johnson and Mr. Abbot, and will yet Messrs. Weiss and Potter. They put him out of the forefront of his denomination here, in whose councils he was exercising a controlling influence, and where he would have continued a leader but for the boldness of his infidelity. They put him out of the literary charge of the leading paper of the Northwest, whither he went to sow in its columns the seeds of Anti-Christianity. If he could only see the real leadings and guidings of Providence, he would find that all these paths had been closed in order that he might hear that bit of Paul's experience—"It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks."

Mr. Towne modestly notes our recognition of his talents. We are constrained to say that the words we then used, though true then, are not altogether true now. He was "the ablest and boldest heretic" then; but he has been surpassed in boldness, if not ability, since. Mr. Abbot is a much bolder man. He honestly and squarely puts Christianity out in the cold. He disdains to call himself a Christian. He is a naturalist, and not a supernaturalist. He does not seek to drive us out of our temple. He scorns the temple itself. While Mr. Towne has been lying off, these late years, his old associates have gone ahead in boldness of blasphemy. He will have to run fast to outstrip them in their plunge down the steep places into the abyss of infidelity.

Mr. Towne calls himself an advocate of Christianity, and even signs himself "in the Christian faith." But we are at a loss to know what Christ and Christianity he means. Two years ago last winter he informed the world, through the *Tribune*, that Emerson was the Christ of to-day; or, as he put it:—

"Here is a man christened above all his fellows with the finest spirit of grace and truth yet revealed in humanity—a man sent to be a master of regenerate humanity in this last age of the manifestation of divinity in mankind."

This put Mr. Emerson above Christ Jesus. He was "christened above all his fellows with the finest spirit of grace and truth yet revealed in humanity"—"a man sent to be a master of regenerate humanity." The very words applied to the Lord Jesus, "full of grace and truth," are here appropriated to a poor, perishable man. Is Mr. Emerson his Christ yet? Have "special providences," these last three years, kept him firm in

that "Christian faith?" Is he the "Master" who is to expel "from Christianity the atoning God-Man and the infallible Holy Bible?" If so, then we shall look nervously at every new-comer into our churches, expecting to see the tall, gaunt, slightly bowed form of the septuagenarian of Concord, advancing, with his usual half-hidden smile changed into a frown, while he brandishes a bunch of small cords, or birch sticks, wherewith he is to expel all worshippers of our Lord and Saviour from His temples! Perhaps Mr. Towne, his chief apostle, a *petit* Peter, may accompany him on this tour. What tremors will fill every humble Christian at this advance of the new Don Quixote and his trusty squire! How they will haste to abandon their Divine Christ, and accept Mr. Towne's substitute! Can nothing save the Church from this visitation?

Alas, that such follies should gain possession of a once regenerate and enlightened soul. Mr. Towne is a graduate of Yale College and Theological School. What a fall from those Christian heights to this depth of error and effrontery!

Mr. Towne proposes, in his first number, to give a history of the devil (its founder?), also a story of "Crazy Chicago"—probably referring to the madness of unbelief which rages there from German beer cellars to skeptical meeting-houses and their retrograde pastors, perhaps including an autobiographical portrait. Besides these, he will (falsely) show how the Bible was made, and burn incense at the shrine of Theodore Parker.

This is the material out of which the new assault on the Bible and Christ is made. We regret the defection of this child and student of Christian faith, but have no fears of the ultimate result. "The atoning God-man" will still offer Himself a divine sacrifice for sinners. "The infallible Holy Bible" will still reveal its sweetness and power to all whose eyes are divinely illumined; the Christianity of God, the Father, Son and Holy Ghost will still be set forth by the Triune God, accepted and proclaimed by myriads of believers, and this "theological heathenism" and their "fictions of superstition" will still be the strength of the soul, the rock of Christ against which neither the gates of hell nor of "Crazy Chicago" shall in the least prevail. We regret the efforts of Mr. Towne and his associates, but only for themselves and those they seduce to ruin. We rejoice that, despite these petty endeavors, the foundation of God standeth sure; the Lord knoweth them that are His. May this once faithful student and believer in the everlasting Gospel of our and his Saviour and God, turn from his backsliding, and love and serve the true and only Christ, God in the flesh, saving by His precious blood every one who cometh unto God through Him, including even this far-wandering prodigal.

#### CAMP-MEETING TO AN OUTSIDER.

The editor of *The Interior* has been to Maine. On his way he passed Hamilton. Instead of going up to the meeting, the meeting came down to him. A car and its happy contents filled his Presbyterian soul with all sorts of feelings, which find this expression:—

"BUCKSPORT, ME., Aug. 31, 1870.

"Leaving Boston by the Eastern Railroad, we passed the Camp-meeting grounds of Eastern Massachusetts at Hamilton. Large numbers are in attendance, and judging from the appearance of some of the camp-meeting people, who took the train with us, our Methodist brethren are having a lively time. Two ladies in particular, with a few men who played a secondary part, made the car we were in something like a chapel on wheels. They were evidently in a high state of excitement, and it is hardly too much to say, that although our fellow-passengers were at first disposed to smile at them as they swayed to and fro, now rolling their eyes, now closing them as though in a trance, and then breaking out in all sorts of Methodistical hymns, many of them rather enjoyed 'the exercises.' Indeed, we noticed there was quite a disposition to 'join in' in such hymns as, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and 'Come to Jesus just now.' Our first feeling was that of annoyance, to use no stronger term. But sitting thus in the midst of this Methodist tumult, and thinking now of the Apostolic times, now of the dervishes of the East, then again of the 'jerks' of early days in Illinois and elsewhere, and then of a 'medium' of two with whom we have come in contact, and lastly, of the cold experience of the great man of American Christians, and the absence of anything distinctively religious from all places except the Church, we found a kind of gratification coming in behind the shock our taste had experienced, that somebody was exalting the enjoyment of religion above all other joys, and however much of the purely *ecclésiastique* there might be in the wonderfully luminous eyes of that tall, fine-looking woman, and the shake of her head, that all this

eccentricity was somehow connected with the ground swell of the soul.

"How long camp-meetings will be in vogue we will not prophesy. How much good, on the whole, they do or undo, we will not say. Nor will we compare one with another type of religious life. This, however, we concluded upon long ago—that Methodism is a necessity to the Christian Church; that the Methodist denomination is not only a great power, as the other denominations are a power, but, more than this, affords room for the play of certain peculiarities of temperament, without the allowance of which a good many people would fail of salvation."

Ah, if our brother only had the "wonderfully luminous" experience of Hamilton, he too might have had the "wonderfully luminous eyes." To compare happy Christians, singing happy songs, to "mediums," "jerks," and "dervishes," betrays "a cold experience," and the need of getting near the fire. These ladies and gentlemen were in no "high state of excitement," but only in that Scripture condition which St. James treats of: "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." They were enjoying their religion. Why shouldn't they? What is religion good for, if it is not enjoyable? and if enjoyed, then must that experience be expressed. This singing had in it nothing extravagant or wild. It warmed even this Presbyterian minister's heart, as the same "silver lyrics" had the Presbyterian lady who had dwelt in the grove. He graciously concedes "the necessity of Methodism to the Christian Church," and even its liberties he kindly permits to be. "Is it possible to show meet gratitude for such kind condescension?" He will find and is finding that only as Presbyterianism conforms to Methodist doctrines and usages, will it flourish. Camp-meetings originated in his church. It will ere long, we presume, be claiming them as its own.

#### WHITTLED DOWN TO A POINT.

Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, in his discourse on Infallibility, makes it as near nothing as he can. He asked in the Council, "Was Nicholas infallible when he taught that baptism in the name of Jesus was alone sufficient, without the other persons in the Trinity? Or Boniface, when he said, 'Two swords are given me by God, a spiritual and a temporal one?'" He adds:—

"I sought the Dominican Library of Minerva, in Rome, to refresh my memory, and to see on what grounds they claimed the right of controlling temporary affairs; of deposing Henry VIII., or Elizabeth, or any other temporal prince; or absolving their vassals from their oath of allegiance, if their sovereigns did not respect the act of excommunication by the Church. I could not find any text of authority for that in the Bible; hence I wanted the Council to say whether they asserted a right of that kind, or assumed it as a right. The entire Council with one voice cried out: 'Those Popes had no authority, no commission from God to pretend to any such power.'"

The applause encouraged him to go farther:—

"The question was also raised by a cardinal: 'What is to be done with the Pope if he becomes a heretic?' It was answered that there had never been such an example; but in such a case a council of Bishops could depose him for heresy; for from the moment he becomes a heretic, he is not the head nor even a member of the Church. The Church would not be for a moment obliged to listen to him when he begins to teach a doctrine which the Church knows to be false, and he would cease to be a Pope, being deposed by God himself. If a Pope, for instance, were to say that a belief in God is false, you would not be obliged to believe him; nor if he were to deny the rest of the Creed, 'I believe in Christ,' etc. The supposition is injurious to the Holy Father in the very idea, but it serves to show you the fullness with which the subject was considered. Ample thought was given to every possibility. If he denies any dogma of the Church held by every true believer, he is no more Pope than either you or I; so in this respect the dogma of infallibility amounts to nothing (applause) as an article of temporal government or as a covering for heresy."

This is getting pretty near nothing, the Archbishop fancies. But one may well ask, What is all the fuss about, if it amounts to so little? If a Pope cannot proclaim a doctrine, except what the Church endorses, or interfere with temporal government, his infallibility is as valueless as a counterfeit note. But all this is deceptive talk. The wedge is whittled down to get its sharp edge in. Infallibility inside of doctrinal standards, and a professed non-intervention, is a power, that may be used, if events favor, with fearful effect. The Pope called Davis his brother, and recognized his Confederacy. He tried to save Napoleon. He is an inevitable meddler in States. His priests boast this of him. He

will not be inclined to use it the less after the power is put in his hands than before it was conceded. An ambitious king is not less a king after he makes himself absolute monarch. Beware of such velvet paws. They hide a deadly clutch. When the hour and the man are ripe, Jesuits, Purcell included, will swing suddenly round, and make an infallible Pope decree any policy of State in America, as the unfallible have in England and Europe times without number. The point is all the sharper and more penetrative for this very attempt to make it nothing. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he goeth his way, he boasteth." So is it with these buyers of souls. They claim nothing. The Pope is no more than anybody else. He can't do anything. O no! Poor Red Riding-hoods are the people, and the nations that are deceived by such a lie, from a wolf that will assuredly ravin, tear, and slay.

*The Jewish Chronicle* thinks the "fact that some of the American rabbis are throwing off the old-time ceremonies and doctrines, and inducing their congregations to do likewise," is only a healthful vigor. It says:—

"When a ship is in danger, they throw out all the cargo, beginning with what is of little value, and ending with the trunks of the passengers, and finally with the passengers themselves—expecting that the vessel thus relieved will sail more securely. But Judaism is not a broken-down hulk as yet—some of the crew have become nervous, and are trying to throw overboard some of its ballast, and are clinging with dismay to its masts, but there is no likelihood that they will follow the cry of such captains as he of *THE HERALD*, and leap into the sea, and swim to another craft which is prettily painted, but is badly manned, has a quarrelsome crew, and little provisions—our seamen will stand by the old ship as long as there is a spar left to cling to.

"Nautical language apart, some of these Christian papers are very desirous to have us Jews join their ranks and subscribe to their doctrines. They hail the resolution of the Cleveland Conference as a 'gratifying sign of the times'—but they forget, or are ignorant, that these resolutions are not new to Judaism. No religion is so liberal as ours. And yet the Christian papers expect that we can adopt a faith which believes that none can be saved except those who believe in its peculiar doctrines."

It may find that throwing baggage, passengers and all overboard, which it acknowledges they are doing, will not save their ship. In fact, when everything and more is thrown overboard, there will not be much left to save. The ship they are invited to have no quarrel, and no lack. It is the "Old ship Zion," a favorite name with Christians, Jews, and Methodists. It has never said before that the "Cleveland" rabbis were not Jews. It does not now. It only denies that their infidelity is Judaism. That "Judaism is the most liberal of religion," is true with one exception. That of which it is the germ and seed is as liberal. Both place faith in a Messiah and an atonement as the foundation of life eternal. When the present Jews, like those of Jerusalem, Palestine, and Asia Minor in the first centuries, will honestly and earnestly disabuse their minds of the narrowness of race, and accept the teachings of their own books and worship, they will find the Letter to the Hebrews the best of solvents of their faith, and the Gospels the best of their sacred books. May they soon come unto Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write.

A writer in *The Liberal Christian* thus describes the distressed condition of his folks without a creed:—

"If any one wants to find out where we live, and what sort of people we are, we have no means of helping him. Instead of putting up our large sign-board with the words, 'To the Unitarian Village,' printed thereon, and pointing to the turnpike that leads our way, we insist that each dweller in our territory shall put up a little shingle to tell that he lives up yonder. It is 'Bellows Path,' 'Collyer Lane,' 'Clarke Alley,' and the world begins to think there is no village after all, but only a few eccentric squatters, who are getting the ground ready for permanent settlers by and by."

But what if they change these for the all-entrancing sign directing to "the Village?" Will they find any more anxious to travel thither? If folks want to go to a place, they will find their way there through any lane or alley, however narrow or crooked, broad or straight. The entrances to London are narrow, yet a good many go thither. So is the gate narrow that leadeth unto life. The trouble is, the village itself is of no especial attraction to lost and longing souls. A few ennuyés of theology, lovers of by-places and odd places, seek it;

a few raised in it, stay there, as in all old towns and out-of-the-way places, especially of pretended grandeur, however faded; but the crowd pass by. They seek the great Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and other cities that need no sign-boards to point out their location, and in which, though they have Beecher Street, and Ames Square, and Simpson Avenue, and Cuyler Park, and Fulton Ferry, they are all lost in the great city, of which these cities are but wards, which hath foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God. The pretty little "Unitarian village" should break up, and move into the city of God and the Lamb.

MR. PHILLIPS'S LETTERS OF ACCEPTANCE of the nomination for Governor by the Labor and Prohibitory parties, are full of the best spirit of politics and religion, put in the best shape. Some criticism has been made of his declaration that—

"It is a shame to our Christianity and civilization for our social system to provide and expect that one man at seventy years of age shall be lord of many thousands of dollars, while hundreds of other men who have made as good use of their talents and opportunities learn on charity for their daily bread."

Those that condemn this, would doubtless condemn the following resolution, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, 2d chapter, 44th and 45th verses: "And all that believed were together, and they had all things in common, and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them to all, as every man had need."

What "Christianity and civilization" may do for man, has hardly yet been dreamed of, much less seen. The gifts of rich men now, such as Peabody, Simmons, Rich, Drew, and others show that the instinct of the Apostles yet inspires all who have possessions and goods. They have given all they have to the poor, and so laid up treasure in heaven.

Mr. Phillips thus puts these two great reforms of Temperance and Labor. In his letter to the Labor men he says:—

"I see nothing in your platform from which I dissent, and the struggle which underlies your movement has my fullest and heartiest sympathy. Capital and Labor—partners, not enemies—stand face to face in order to bring about a fair division of the common profits. I am fully convinced that hitherto legislation has leaned too much—leaned most unfairly—in the side of capital. Hereafter it should be impartial. Law should do all it can to give the masses more leisure, a more complete education, better opportunities and a fair share of profits."

It is a shame to our Christianity and civilization for our social system to provide and expect that one man at seventy years of age shall be lord of many thousands of dollars, while hundreds of other men who have made as good use of their talents and opportunities learn on charity for their daily bread. Of course there must be inequalities. But the best of minds and hearts of the land should give themselves to the work of changing this gross injustice, this appalling inequality. I feel sure that the wisest way to turn public attention to this question, is for the workingmen to organize a political party. No social question ever gets seriously treated here till we make politics turn on it. The real American college is the ballot-box. On questions like these, a political party is the surest and readiest, if not the only way to stir discussion and secure improvement.

The Prohibitory Letter is so powerful as a plea for political Prohibition, that we give it entire:—

Boston, Sept. 13, 1870.

DEAR SIR:—When your Convention nominated me for Governor of the State, it was agreed, for reasons satisfactory to it and to me, that no official notice of the nomination should be sent me, and no formal acceptance asked.

A mature consideration of the whole subject convinces me that it is best I should express my profound sense of the honor you do me, my entire agreement with you in the necessity of a distinct, special, political party, and my willingness that in rallying such a party you should make such use of my name as seems best.

As Temperance men, you were bound to quit the Republican party, since it has deceived you more than once. Any prohibitionist who adheres to it, proclaims beforehand his willingness to be cheated, and so far as political action is concerned, betrays his principles. The Republican party deserves our gratitude. It has achieved great results. It will deserve our support whenever it grapples with our present living difficulties. A party must live on present service, not on laurels, however well earned.

I have no wish to be Governor of Massachusetts. But, to rally a political party, disinterested men must give years to the work of enlightening the public mind and organizing their ranks. In that work I am willing to be used. My inclinations would induce me to decline the nomination, but I dare not do so in view of the vast interests involved in your movement, which call on each one of us to make every sacrifice to ensure its success.

No one supposes that law can make men temperate. Occasionally some act betrays the average level of higher intelligence by saying that to be our belief and plan. Temperance men, on the contrary, have always known and argued that we must trust to argument, example, social influence and religious principle to make men temperate. But law can shut up those bars and drum-shops which facilitate and feed intemperance; which double our taxes, make our streets unsafe for men of feeble reputation, treble the peril to property and life, and make the masses tools in the hands of designing men to undermine and cripple law.

The use of intoxicating liquors rests with each man's discretion. But the trade in them comes clearly within the control of law.

Many considerations—ad among them the safety and success of republican institutions—bid us put forth the full power of the law to shut up drum-shops. We have never yet ruled a great city on the principles of self-government. Republican institutions, undermined by intemperance, are obliged to concede that they have never governed a great city here, on the basis of universal suffrage, in such way as to preserve order, protect life, and secure free speech.

New York, ruled by drunkards, is proof of the despotism of the drum-shop. Men whom murderers serve, that they may escape, and because they have escaped, rule that city. The rascal crew which holds them up could neither still its own conscience, nor rally its retinue, but for the help of the grog-shop. A like testimony comes from the history of our other great cities. State laws are defied in their streets, and, by means of the drum-shop and the gilded saloons of fashionable hotels, their ballot-box is in the hands of the criminal classes—of men who avowedly and systematically defy the laws. Indeed, this is the case in Boston.

Since your nomination was made, I have been honored with another by the workingmen of Massachusetts. I feel called to a powerful city of yours. Whatever lifts the masses to better education and more self-control, and secures them their full rights, helps the Temperance cause. Indeed, there is a radical movement, broad as the human race, and properly includes everything that elevates man, and subdues passion and temptation to reason and principle.

But the only bulwark against the dangers of intemperance is Prohibition. More than thirty years of experience has convinced me, and as wide an experience has taught you, that this can only be secured by means of a distinct political organization. Thoroughly as I dislike to have my name used in a political canvass, I do not feel that I have the right to refuse its use if you think it will strengthen your party.

I am, very respectfully yours,

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

We hope that Gov. Claflin will write as good letters as these, on as good a platform, the first of next month. The redemption of Republicans and the State from rum and rascality will then draw nigh.

The *Congregationalist* don't like the success of the Camp-meeting; which is natural, the success of anything Methodist never seeming to agree with its taste. It thinks Martha's Vineyard too costly for poor people, because some not very

poor people were obliged to pay \$3 a day for rooms, and as much for board. That is because they choose to go there in the wrong way. Martha's Vineyard has no hotels for the accommodation of five or ten thousand guests. It has two or three small houses which only ask a dollar a day in July. If a hundred persons want that room, it will of course go up in price. Nobody will find the Vineyard costly, if they attend to two particulars: first, hire or buy a lot, and put a tent or a cheap cottage on it; and second, board themselves. Plenty of lots can be hired yet at a very low rental, only six dollars a year, and tents can be hired for not much more, while we know of families of six persons living well on ten dollars a week, at the Vineyard. If anybody chooses to build a thousand-dollar cottage when he is not able, he is a bigger fool than he is at home; for he does not there build a twenty thousand dollar house because his neighbor does. He is content with one that costs five, two or one thousand dollars. He can live within his means pleasantly at the Vineyard, but he must not wait till camp-meeting week, and then sail down there as a gentleman. If he does, he will have to pay for it, the same as he would at Newport or Boston. If he even goes camp-meeting week with his shawl and blanket, he can find a place in the straw of some of the society tents, with good company, good meetings, and, if he chooses as many do to carry his own provisions, with as good cooking as he would get at home. It is true at the Vineyard as elsewhere, that pride is cheap, vanity costly.

As to the reflection of *The Congregationalist* on the conduct of the meeting, that its authorities "might gain some important hints as to matters needing immediate and sharp attention if they were to consult the police authorities, and more especially the District Attorney having surveillance of the territory," this is so characteristic that the only proper answer is to treat the slur as it deserves, and let it pass in silence. The State Police are there, and order is perfect. If our crusty neighbor will get up a Congregational Camp-meeting half as popular and religious as the Vineyard, that is a hundredth part as orderly, we will accept its censure as just and good. The trouble is, these meetings are too popular. Too many Congregational brethren, ministerial and others, attend them. At one of them, one of their churches has a tent. The victories of the Methodist Militaries will not let our friend sleep without disturbing dreams. We hope he will follow Bro. Quint to the Vineyard, or Bro. Park to Hamilton, or Bro. Kirk to Stirling, or Bro. Eddy to Hatfield, and get a good blessing that shall make *The Congregationalist* advocate what will yet come to pass, the tents of its own churches, at all these holy and happy convocations.

On Monday evening, October 23, the Methodist Social Union will hold their first meeting of the season at Association Hall. The Wesleyan Association will have special services in connection with the Union. The Union is a well-established institution, and has about sixty members. We hope many will join it on or before that evening. It is the second of the kind established in this city, the Baptist being the first. The latter has three hundred members; the former should have as many. The admission fee and annual fees are not large, and every person connected with our churches can join. Please leave your names, preachers and people, with J. P. Magee.

The speeches and reception of our delegate, Rev. Dr. Brown, and his associate Rev. W. H. Olin, by the General Conference of the Canadian M. E. Church, as given in another column, will be read with special interest. It is a sign of a coming return of this Church to her mother. Only an abstract of the speeches are given, and the warmth of applause and affection displayed cannot be printed. *The Northwestern*, whose editor, Dr. Reid, was present, thus describes the reception:—

"Dr. Brown then followed with remarks, touchingly alluding in the course of them to the death of Bishop Smith, at about the time of the decease of our own Bishop. He gave a succinct, clear, and eloquent presentation of our Church and its institutions, and bore himself nobly as our representative. Every hour the doctor staid in Ingersoll he won upon the hearts of the Canada brethren."

We hope for important results from this second meeting of representatives of our two churches. "Three times and then in," we trust, will be the end of these receptions. Our Church will gladly welcome back her own.

The Brooklyn Union nominates Frederick Douglass for Vice-President. Mr. Colfax having declared that he should retire. Why does it not get Mr. Douglass on its State ticket? 'Tis well enough to offer him a distant honor. Had he been put on the State ticket of New York, it would have meant something. It is another of Douglass's mishaps to go to Washington to edit a colored paper. He ought to wait till he can go as Representative of his district. Let the Union push this.

The Methodist Church has a regularly licensed female preacher, Miss Mary A. Stinebaugh. She has also a regular pastoral charge in the Muskegon Conference. *The Recorder* describes her preaching as impressive, her manners agreeable, and adds this especial commendation: "She has been very successful in her labors, and has also been a very efficient agent of *The Methodist Recorder*." This is the highest praise. Would we had a hundred such, to canvass for THE HERALD. In that good time coming the zeal of the clerical sisterhood will set the brotherhood into greater activity. They do well now, but what will they not do when these rivals appear in the field?

Two of the best photographers in this city are H. B. Smith, Studio Building, Tremont St., corner of Bromfield, and War-

ren, 145 Tremont. The former does the most and the best copying of pictures. He has rare delicacy of work. He also succeeds very finely with portraits. Mr. Warren is as celebrated for his heads as Sir Thomas Lawrence or Joseph Ames. He is the favorite photographer of Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes and the Harvard men, Middletown, Yale, West Point, and all the colleges. His work is rich, soft and artistic. Whoever visits either of these studios will go away satisfied.

We do not generally pay much attention to the errors in our types, but, when last week *The Christian Index* was called "the paper published for the colored people of the M. E. Church," it left a doubly wrong impression; first, that we have any specially colored organs. We have not fallen so low as that; we have two colored Conferences, and we hope they will be the last and soon be no more, but all our papers are for all our people. Second, such an organ we certainly would not have. It is published by the Church South, and will soon be disowned by them unless it mends its manners.

WINTHROP.—Considerable interest is manifested in our usually quiet community, in a new church enterprise which has been developing for some months.

We have felt, from the first, that in this work we were laboring for God, and at this stage of progress can truly say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

D. Belcher, generously donated a valuable building-lot, situated nearly in the centre of the town. Ground was broken for the foundation on Wednesday morning, the 14th inst. Services commenced with the singing of "Coronation," under the lead of Rev. J. W. Dadmun.

The Pastor, Rev. Mr. Nutter, made a brief address, and then called upon Rev. E. P. King, a former pastor, to offer prayer. After singing a second time, the first sod was thrown out by the pastor, and then the whole company rose and sang the doxology with great spirit. The benediction was pronounced by Rev. H. C. Dunham. The sisters, who were well represented, pledged their hearty co-operation, and demonstrated their willingness to work by an earnest, but rather unscientific use of the spade. The children of the schools were out in force and caught the spirit of the hour. The occasion was one of deep interest and holy joy.

Rev. J. W. Dadmun is chairman of the Building Committee, and is thoroughly interested in the work.

The plans of the edifice, which is to be of wood, were drawn by the well known architect, S. J. F. Thayer, of this city. It is to be erected by McLaren Brothers, of East Boston, and to be ready for dedication about Conference time. It will cost about \$12,000. This is an important step on the nearest and one of the most popular of our sea-side resorts. Winthrop is a growing place, and our church, by this movement, will keep, as it has long held the leading position. We wish it abundant success, and hope all who can will give it a helping hand.

Com.

#### PERSONAL.

Miss Mary Clarke, of Bellows Falls, has willed \$15,000 to the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church, and the Preachers' Aid Society of the Vermont Conference. Her brother John gave to our Church for various benevolent objects \$25,000. She was a regular subscriber for THE HERALD from the start, and has a file of it from 1823. Her executor very properly says in a private note, "No doubt THE HERALD had no little to do in cherishing that benevolence and love for the Church exhibited in these liberal bequests."

The file that she has preserved is nearly, if not quite complete, and is in the possession of the executors of Miss Mary Clarke. Any of our colleges or seminaries desiring a set of what will prove a valuable addition to their library can secure this gratis, by writing to Rev Dr. A. Webster, Bellows Falls, or, as he may have left for the South, to the executors of the estate of Miss Mary Clarke.

Rev. J. N. Mars will be happy to help any brother in protracted meetings after October 1st. His labors in this department are very acceptable, and he will, we trust, be generally employed. His address is 103 Chambers St., Boston.

Miss Helen R. Sargent occupied the pulpit in Grantville, a week ago last Sabbath, in the unexpected failure of the preacher expected to be present. She preached from "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh," a very appropriate text, with a slight variation. Her discourse greatly pleased and edified her hearers. She conducted the singing, going from the pulpit to the melodeon and back, as the order of exercises demanded. Miss Sargent is a cultivated lady, daughter of the chief beneficiary of our Church in Grantville. She deserves approval for not letting a meeting dissolve without full services, and for so faithfully performing a Christian duty. As one of our oldest brethren in the Maine Conference said on hearing of the incident, so may every one say: "Would God they would all prophesy!"

The friends of Rev. John Allen will be glad to learn that his golden wedding will occur on October 21st. All his children, four in number, are alive, and live in this vicinity. It is proposed that this occasion be commemorated in this city. His many friends will be glad to contribute to our excellent brother, on this happy anniversary. As it will be impossible to reach all his friends and brethren directly, J. P. Magee will be glad to receive any of their favors, and will see that they are properly appropriated.

## The Methodist Church.

### BAY VIEW.

The corner-stone of the new Methodist church in this place was laid on Thursday eve the 7th, Bro. Henry W. Warren, of Charlestown, delivering the address, which was in his happiest spirit, full of thought and eloquence, and was received into great favor by the people. Nearly a thousand were present to witness the exercises.

A lead box containing the following documents was placed in the corner-stone: Methodist Discipline; Minutes of the last Annual Conference at Springfield; copies of THE HERALD and Christian Advocate, Boston Daily Journal, Cape Ann Advertiser, Gloucester Telegraph; History of the Church Enterprise; names of Building Committees, Stewards, Trustees; name of Sunday-school Superintendent, President of U. S. Gov. of State; photographs of the preacher in charge and A. J. Hall, of Riverdale. The utmost good order presided.

The pastor of the church, after a few remarks, laid the corner-stone according to the ritual, assisted by Rev. A. J. Hall, of Riverdale.

The foundation of the church is nearly completed, the building framed and ready to be raised — of which the following is a description: —

The edifice will be of wood, in the pointed Gothic style, — the walls covered with vertical sheathing and battened. The roof, sharp and high, will be perforated by ten tri-angular dormer windows, and covered with red and blue slate, forming, when finished, a beautiful pattern, and rendering the building a conspicuous landmark many miles at sea.

The plan is a parallelogram thirty-eight by sixty feet, with tower and entrance porch in front, projecting five feet, and chancel in rear seven by eighteen feet, making the extreme length seventy-two feet, and containing sixty-six seats, and designed with the gallery over the vestibule to accommodate four hundred persons. The ceiling will be arched and supported by ribs and brackets, terminating at the wall with corbels of beautiful design, and all to be finished in a tasteful manner.

The pews are to be of black ash, polished, as is most of the interior finish. The auditorium windows will be glazed with stained and etched glass of rich pattern, and will cast a very elastic and mellow light through the interior. The basement will be so constructed as to admit of a vestry or lecture room, which it is not designed to finish at present.

The whole will be warmed by a portable furnace in the basement.

The Society now numbers nearly 50 members, with a good congregation at two points, Lanesville and Annisquam, and a Sunday-school of over 180. But best of all is the spirit of revival that is now among us. A goodly number, mostly heads of families have found Jesus, while the young men and women also are coming. So far God's wondrous blessings have been upon us. The pastor and family have been abundantly remembered in all good things. The funds for the church have been generously pledged, so far.

The architect of the building, Col. G. W. Randall, of Portland, Me., now employed on the government works here, very generously gives his services — furnishing plan, entirely new, and specifications, which, for beauty of design and convenience, cannot be excelled. Among those outside of the church that have magnanimously remembered us, are Col. Jonas H. French, of Boston, the contractor for the Boston Post Office, Gen. B. F. Butler, of Bay View, Joel Hayden, jr., of Williamsburg, and Gov. Wm. Claflin. The church will be completed and ready for dedication early in the spring of next year, if not before, and will have cost, ground and all included, which is given, about eight or ten thousand dollars.

### LYNDONVILLE CAMP-MEETING.

"A bad beginning makes a good ending," they say, though the responsibility of "they" is not always apparent in this adage any more than, in numberless others. However, this one was true about the weather we had during our days of the Feast of Tabernacles, in this part of Vermont. Early Monday morning, the 29th of August, it rained hard, and bid fair to be a stormy day. Toward noon, however, it ceased, and at night as many as twenty companies had their tents up, ready to occupy. From that time till Saturday forenoon, when the meeting broke up, no rain fell to interfere with the services, and the nights were not too cold for comfort.

There was something good in seeing earnest men and women so much engaged about an object, as those were about salvation who gathered in that grove. One has said, "It is the cream of the Church that attends the camp-meetings." This is no doubt true, and the preacher is encouraged to find men and women here, standing shoulder to shoulder with him in the conflict. Not alone this, but here they get engaged more than before, and carry that interest back home with them.

Monday night the first service was held. J. S. Little, of Peacham, preached a live sermon to a tent full, from "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Others followed with exhortations, and at the first there was a deep interest in full consecration, so that "Holiness to the Lord" was a motto that was not alone over the front of the preachers' stand, but burdened souls took it as theirs, and did not rest until they had entered into perfect peace. It was good to hear their shouts during the meeting, and see their faces beaming with joy and the presence of God. One could easily see how the face of Moses must have shone as he came down from the mount, and from his communion with Jehovah.

Many of the sermons through the week were marked ones — the power of God enabling the preachers to forget themselves as they preached Jesus. Father Aspinwall, so near heavenly joys, that they would seem to fill his heart too full for utterance, sometimes, gave us, Tuesday afternoon, one of his richest efforts. It was on the "Descent of the Holy Ghost," and was full of what it was about. He is a veteran whose deep scars from many a well-fought field are tokens to us who are younger in the work, of conflicts we shall never be called on to wage. Methodism in Vermont in 1870, is different from that of 1820, about which time Father A. began his work, or

rather, it holds a different position. It is not a thing to be despised now. Formerly, it was a parasite plant, having only a precarious hold, while now, the churches are well-settled, in most cases occupying positions of influence and independence.

Most of the preaching was done by men on our own district, it being the sense of those having the appointment of work, that these should do it. For the burden of souls would rest more heavily on them, so they would be more likely to preach salvation sermons. Then the care of the souls converted would fall on these men after the camp-meeting closed, and all returned home. No doubt an improvement, looking to the conviction of sinners, could be made in the nature of the sermons preached that week, and yet the well-filled altar bespoke the slaying power in the words of the preachers. No exact estimate can be obtained of the number brought to Jesus. At one time, full fifty were at the altar, seeking holiness of heart, or conversion. Probably the number of converts would not fall much short of a hundred. One tent was heard to claim six, another four, and so on.

Love-feasts were held on Friday and Saturday mornings. Count being kept the former one, it was found that two hundred and sixty spoke in an hour. Some of the experiences were very rich. Numbers testified to having passed from death to life. Here are the words of some that spoke for Jesus those hours: Motto, "Looking unto Jesus." "My anchor holds to the Rock." "I am asking fifty souls this year." "Jesus saves me fully." "I have come eight miles this morning to meet you once more in love-feast." "My heart is fixed in His power to save."

Friday afternoon, a children's meeting was held from one to two o'clock. It proved a time of deep interest. Next year, by vote of the Association, they will be held at that hour every day, and special efforts be made to bring the children to Jesus. This is a good idea, as it will be the means of transplanting into the Church many a rare tree that has been growing in that nursery of the Church, the Sunday-school.

Our new Presiding Elder, I. McAnn, was like a fish in the water — in his proper element. Every one spoke in admiration of his manner of conducting the meeting. His sharp wit and pleasing address gained the good-will of those not particularly interested, while his fervid piety at once gained him a place deep in the affections of all the brethren. He has a peculiar faculty of imparting his zeal and enthusiasm to others, and this he is laboring to do, both at Camp-meeting, and all over the district. He pledged the people Saturday morning, just before the Camp-meeting broke up, to personal effort. About two hundred thus pledged themselves.

The best order was preserved throughout the meeting. The crowds, which were a part of the time very large, quietly and quickly departed from the grounds at the ringing of the half-nine bell at night. There was no noise or disturbance, and the offices of the gentlemanly policemen were not called into use to make a single arrest. No word need be said about the grove at Lyndonville — every one in this part of the country knows how beautiful it is.

Taken all together, this is pronounced one of the best Camp-meetings held in this part of Vermont. Every hour of the services, both public and in the tent, was marked by deep, intense interest. Beside those converted, a large number obtained the witness of full salvation. A fire was here fanned into a blaze that will make itself felt all over the district. God grant it.

### HEDDING CAMP-MEETING.

Epping is the permanent location for this camp-meeting. The committee have purchased the farm surrounding the camp-ground proper, for two thousand five hundred dollars. They have increased the accommodations for boarding the people, by erecting a spacious dining-hall; laid out a new avenue, and extended others; sold a number of lots for building purposes another year, and they are looking forward to other improvements, which will, when perfected, make of Epping a temporary city in the woods. Last year there were ninety-two tents and cottages on the ground; this year the number was swelled to one hundred and eighty-two. Notwithstanding the severe drought, two springs, in the midst of the encampment, supplied water for the vast multitude of people and their beasts. The weather was favorable for services in the open air, with two exceptions; on Saturday and Sabbath evening, rain fell, and the people sought refuge in the tents. This, however, was a great advantage, for the dust which had filled the air like a dense fog during the week, was laid in its place, and it appeared that the rain overcame the only disagreeable feature of the surroundings, and nature was arranged for a beautiful Sabbath-day. The religious services of the meeting were under the direction of Rev. J. Pike, Presiding Elder of Dover District.

The first sermon was preached on Tuesday morning, by Rev. M. I. Oilly, on "Holiness." Sermons at the stand followed this one during the meeting, on "Christian Zeal," "Holiness," "Christ a Substitute," "The Love of God," "The Joy of the Lord," "The Mediatorial Office of Christ," "Eternity," "The Steadfastness and Immutability of a Christian Life," "The Sufferings of Christ," "Neglecting the Great Salvation," "Acquaintance with God," "The New Birth," "The Valley of Decision," "Buy of me Gold," "Christian Courage," and "Righteousness is Peace, Quietness, and Assurance Forever." Every man that preached seemed to be in a strong current of Christian sympathy and power, that filled the Church and ministry. It was a realist tide from the first to the last sermon. It was in all the preaching, and marked all the devotions of the week. Sinners felt it and were melted into tenderness and penitence. We never saw it

on that wise before at Epping, and we heard an aged minister of God remark that he had attended a great many camp-meetings, but had never heard such a succession of powerful gospel sermons on a camp-ground. The following brethren, in connection with those mentioned elsewhere, did the preaching: G. W. Ruland, M. Sherman, G. Norris, A. E. Drew, E. F. Pitcher, D. C. Knowles, I. G. Bidwell, Bro. Marsh, E. Titus, N. Chadbourn, O. W. Scott, E. R. Wilkins, J. O. Knowles, A. C. Cault, C. Britain, and E. Smith.

The meeting was held over the Sabbath for the first time. There was a great crowd of people present, but the order was as good as is common among the same number of people when attending their religious services in the rural districts. All business was suspended on the grounds. Tickets for board were purchased before the Sabbath, and the day was kept sacred. The love-feast was held in the morning, and proved to be a season of unusual interest. Gems of Christian experience were uttered by some four hundred persons. The unction of power rested upon the assembly. Exultant songs and shouts of victory filled the air. We give you a few of the experiences: "God has sent His Spirit into my heart, crying, Abba, Father;" one of the fathers said, "Fifty-three years' experience in the service of God has demonstrated the power, the excellency, and the glory of the Christian religion."

"Thirty years ago last February, Jesus blotted out my sins, and cleansed the temple too." "I am in sympathy with all that are seeking holiness." "I am at the fountain drinking." "This is my motto: live at peace with all men, and enjoy holiness, without which no man can see the Lord."

"I am resting in the valley of blessing, and am washed in the blood of the Lamb." "I stand upon the Rock Christ Jesus, glory to His name." "I give glory to God for salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord." A brother said, "When shall we shout? when the measure is half full? No. When it is full? No; but when it runs over, glory to God and the Lamb forever." The singing was full of inspiration. As the volume of sound rolled up among the trees, a peculiar chiming of wind and leaves and holy song dwelt in the tree-tops and made a strange chorus in mid-air. The place was holy ground; the valley of blessing to many a believer, and the spiritual birth-ground of souls that to-day love Jesus. Revs. E. D. Winslow and Gilbert Haven preached from the stand during the day, and almost one hundred souls came forward at the close of the afternoon sermon, to seek the Lord. In the evening, rain fell, and preaching services were held in several tents. It was a great Sabbath day in Zion, and many believers and new-born souls said, "It is good to be here. The work in the tents was constant and faithful. The representatives of societies would gather, time after time, in their temporary home, and supplement the sermons with prayers, experiences, exhortations, and songs, inviting sinners to come to the Saviour, laboring with seekers, and pointing one another to a higher life. Surely at this place of toils and tears, many individual churches were favored with the beginnings of revivals of religion."

A public service was held at the stand by Rev. S. T. Wilson, for the special benefit of the children.

Temperance was a feature of the occasion. Rev. D. C. Babcock presented a series of clear and forcible resolutions to the largest audience that assembled on the ground, deploring the evils of intemperance, and designating the present work of temperance men in the State of New Hampshire. They were adopted unanimously by a rising vote of the congregation.

The concluding services of the meeting were held on Tuesday morning at seven o'clock, at the stand, and consisted of singing and prayer. A procession was then formed in two ranks, with the ministers in front, starting from the preachers' stand, singing the covenant hymn, —

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

"O for a thousand tongues to sing,"

and —

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

They marched round the ground, encircling the auditorium, and concluded the services of the week by shaking hands, singing, and shouting praises to God.

### NORTHPORT CAMP-MEETING.

The twenty-second Camp-meeting at Wesleyan Grove, Northport, Me., commenced August 29, and closed on Friday night at ten o'clock.

The weather was favorable, except that the want of rain made the dust very plenty. The attendance was larger than in some former years, and the interest in the meeting is steadily increasing. The Trustees and the Association are earnestly endeavoring to improve the ground, and adapt it better to the purposes of the meeting. There is no longer any debt on the property, and the way is open for extensive repairs for another year. We are rapidly following in the path of our brethren in the more westerly parts of New England, in regard to uniting recreation and devotion in our Camp-meeting. Many resort to these grounds for health and rest, and more will, with every season. To control this and keep the religious character of the meeting prominently in view, will require a high degree of devotedness on the part of the Church and ministry. This has been the case during this meeting. The remark of every one is, "It has been a remarkably powerful meeting." I have witnessed much more noise and apparent excitement, but I have never, at any former meeting, witnessed so much deep feeling, nor seen the congregation so deeply and generally moved by the Holy Spirit. Many were converted, and many, beyond doubt, entered into the rest of perfect love. Christ Jesus, the Lord, was present in a remarkable degree. The remark is true in regard to the tent-meetings — almost every society tent was favored with God's

presence, and many of the family tents, at a distance from the circle, were made places of prayer.

We can take up the glad song as it comes from the West, and say, the best of all is, God is still with us, and the glory has not yet departed from our Israel.

A. CHURCH, Secretary.

WINTERPORT, Sept. 8, 1870.

#### WILLIMANTIC CAMP-MEETING.

God can "furnish a table in the wilderness." Verily He furnished a feast unto those who waited upon Him in the leafy tabernacle.

Our meeting began on Monday, August 28th, under the supervision of our faithful and efficient Presiding Elder, Rev. Geo. W. Brewster, whose indefatigable labors contributed largely to its success.

On Saturday morning, September 3d, the confusion of striking tents and packing luggage was in order; nevertheless, the voice of praise was heard from every quarter of the grove.

A few of our good people have initiated the practice, a la Vineyard, of getting in readiness some days previous to the date fixed for beginning.

For two or three years it has been the custom to hold public services on the ground the Sunday preceding the meeting, which have been made interesting and profitable through the kindly aid and assistance of the Willimantic brethren.

On Sunday morning, the Rev. Robert Clark, of Norwich, North Church, preached from the Gospel according to St. John x. 9, "I am at the door."

At five o'clock, P. M., the Rev. Horace Winslow, pastor of the Congregational Church at Willimantic, preached an excellent sermon, which was Methodistic both in matter and manner.

Monday was devoted to unpacking and getting settled.

By six o'clock in the evening, the camp looked very respectable. Improvements had been made on the grounds by the Committee, and the avenues were graced by some fifteen new cottages, among which, we noticed Bro. Brewster's of Mystic Bridge, Bro. H. Brown's of Norwich, Bro. Frazier's of Norwich, Bro. Leddingwell's of Norwich, Bros. Lippitt and Riley's of Norwich, Bro. Fitch's of Unadoville, and Rev. J. Phillips's of Norwich. The East Thompson, and the Main Street, Norwich, societies, have erected two-story buildings for their patrons.

#### MONDAY EVENING.

The lamps are lighted, the "katydid" and tree-toads are "abriefing out of tune," the service bell rings, and the weary folk gather to hear the word of the Lord at the stand. The night is past, we must indulge a retrospect. Rev. A. Palmer, of Easthampton, preached from Psalm li. 10.

On Tuesday morning Rev. G. S. Alexander of Nebraska City, preached from Joshua iii. 5.

Tuesday afternoon, Rev. J. T. Benton preached from Exodus xxii. 26.

Tuesday evening, Rev. C. S. Morehead preached from Acts xvi. 31.

Wednesday morning, Dr. Newhall, of Wesleyan University, preached from Galatians vi. 7.

Wednesday afternoon, Rev. G. E. Reed preached from Romans i. 16.

Wednesday evening, Rev. N. G. Lippitt preached from the Gospel according to St. Luke xxiii. 31.

Thursday morning, Rev. E. Hatfield preached from 2 Cor. v. 7.

Thursday afternoon Rev. E. McChesney preached from St. Matthew iii. 12, and St. Luke xxii. 31.

Thursday evening, Rev. W. V. Morrison preached from Psalms lxxxiv. 2.

Friday morning Rev. W. T. Worth preached from Acts xvii. 30.

Friday afternoon Rev. T. M. House preached from 1 Peter iv. 7.

Friday evening Rev. J. E. C. Sawyer preached from these words, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom."

We forbear to distinguish among so many splendid efforts. Truly God helped His servants and blessed their words to the good of the hearers. Throughout the week the social meetings at the stand and in the tents were of a high spiritual nature. Many went down into the "valley of blessing so sweet," who will, no doubt, retain the sweet spirit, though they come up from the valley to battle with an unsevered world.

The best of the wine was reserved till the last of the feast. On Friday night there were 60 or upwards converted to God in the different tents. During the week about 100 professed conversion, which added to the work of saving the Church, is a glorious showing to the glory of God.

Steps are to be taken the present year to reduce, if possible, the indebtedness of the association by collections or subscriptions in the societies represented on the ground. All the proceeds are annually appropriated in that direction, but it is proposed to liquidate the debt in order to improve and beautify the grounds more extensively. Too much cannot be said in praise of our zealous committee, who have given their time to the prosecution of their duties without any compensation whatever. The committee is as follows: A. E. Cobb, L. D. Bentley, U. S. Gardner of Norwich, and J. S. Clapp of North Manchester.

The record of the Camp-meeting is with God, but we venture to predict great and glorious things in the remaining months of the Conference year, for the sentiment of the meeting was "Holiness to the Lord." Many have laid aside their grave-clothes, and seem determined to watch with the Master.

Rev. T. M. House, Secretary.

[Norwich, Sept. 8, 1870.]

## The Christian World.

### MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—Num. xiv. 21.

CHINA.—Our readers will rejoice greatly that our mission in China is enjoying great prosperity. The success of our missionaries there is wonderful. A letter from Rev. N. Sites, one of our missionaries, is received at our Mission Rooms, New York, and contains the following cheering information:—

"In May I sent Ing Kwang to Hokehlang to assist Elder Sia Sak Ong with the Quarterly meetings on the Ngu-cheng and Ko-sang-chai circuits. They spent about two weeks on those circuits, imparting much Scripture truth to the people and to our helpers. They also gave excellent instruction to the classes in regard to Methodist discipline. The baptisms at these quarterly meetings were as follows: At Ko-sang-chai, 8 adults; at Sik-heng, 4 adults and one child; at Ha-to-sang, 4 adults and 7 children; at Kaang-pang, 9 adults and 5 children; total, 25 adults and 11 children.

"I appointed Elder Sia Sak Ong to hold the fifth month quarterly meetings on the Ngu-ka and Kwanghuong circuits. On these circuits he baptized 20 adults and 4 children. The numbers now are: Members, 122; probationers, 204; baptized children, 19. At my suggestion all the laborers in the district were convened on June 21, at Hokehlang city, for a quarterly examination and drilling in their studies. There were full twenty persons present. Examinations and instruction occupied the days, and preaching by helpers and student helpers, the night. Elder Sia held a love-feast and administered the sacrament on Sunday. On Monday the helpers dispersed to their various folds, after a week pleasantly and profitably spent together.

"Elder Hu Po Mi returned June 30 from a long and successful trip to the three circuits in Hing-hwa. He held three quarterly meetings, baptized 25 adults and one child. Spent five days at Hing-hua city with the preachers and exhorters, instructing and examining them, assisted by Elder Ting Ching Ting. All the laborers from Lamyt Island and the Hing-hua Circuit engaged in this exercise. Reports speak of the meeting as of great interest and profit to all.

"At Sheng-yu city the Hung-ting and Sheng-yu laborers assembled the following week. They were also together five or six days, reading and being examined.

"Except Hung-ting and Lamyt all the Hing-hua work still gives evidence of real, earnest, advancing interest; and I think the increase for the year will be encouraging. It is wonderful how the Lord has thus far led His Church forward among that turbulent people."

MADAGASCAR.—Christianity continues to spread there in a most extraordinary manner. The returns of Church membership for the last year, shows something of what the Lord is doing among that people. They are as follows:—

	1870.	1869.	Year's gain.
Hearders.....	155,000	37,000	118,000
Communicants.....	10,546	7,006	3,540
Total.....	165,546	44,006	121,540

Rev. J. Pease, of the London Missionary Society, writes:—"The opening of the year was full of promise, warranting the highest expectations, and we entered upon our labors greatly encouraged by the success of the past, and stimulated by the hopes we entertained for the future; but we have seen greater things than any of us expected, and what has taken place is far beyond what any of us ventured to hope for. There was promise of the 'fifty,' but we have gathered the 'hundred fold.' We looked for a 'shower,' but a 'great rain' of blessing has been sent under the influence of which the condition and position of the Church in Madagascar have been wonderfully changed. Unlike the rains which at this season of the year refresh the thirsty soil of Madagascar, and which are sometimes partial in their fall, visiting this village, but passing by that—unlike that, the blessing has come down upon the whole field of our labor on this island." Let the Church give thanks for this wonderful success in converting the heathen to Christ.

THE GREAT KAREN PREACHER.—Dr. Anderson in his recent work, entitled, "Foreign Missions—their Relations and Claims," presents several remarkable cases, illustrating the value of the native ministry. He describes a Karen preacher, named Quala, of the Baptist mission in Burmah. His success was wonderful among the Karens of Toungoo. The first baptism he performed among them was in January, 1854. Before the close of that year, the number of converts connected with his labors was 741, associated in nine churches. In less than three years, the number of churches was increased under his ministry to thirty, with an aggregate of 2,127 members, more than 2,000 of whom were baptized by Quala himself.

Think of it—more than 2,000 of the wild, wicked, degraded Karens—among the most degraded of all heathens—converted and baptized in less than three years, by the labors of one man, and he a recent convert from heathenism! What wonderful triumphs of the Gospel does the history of modern missions unfold!

WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT? Fifty years ago, there was but one Wesleyan minister in Australia, and not one in the islands of the South; now there are in the former 179 ministers, and in the latter 62, besides 57 native assistant missionaries. The membership has increased from 18 to 60,000.

MEXICO.—Protestantism is rapidly advancing here. Nearly sixty Protestant congregations meet weekly for public worship in the Republic of Mexico. A large number of Catholic priests are about to leave their Church and connect themselves with Protestantism. Miss Rankin writes to the *Christian World* that a Baptist missionary by the name of Thomas Westrah, is stirring up strife and contention in the mission there. The Baptist Home Missionary Society, we are sure, will not sanction anything of the kind.

SIERRA LEONE.—In fifty years, the people of Sierra Leone have become a Christian people, under the influence of Christian missions. There are 10,000 communicants among them,

and about 20 native preachers, all supported by their own churches, besides rendering support to numerous offshoot missions in the heathen districts of the interior.

### GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

#### CONGREGATIONAL.

The corner-stone for the new church at Boston Highlands was laid August 31.

Ground was broken for the new Shepard Church at Cambridge, September 5th, the first shovelful of earth being removed by Rev. A. McKenzie, the pastor. The edifice is expected to cost \$150,000, upward of \$90,000 of which has been subscribed.

There is a movement for a new Congregationalist Church at Boston Highlands, in a neighborhood south of the Vine Street Church.

A few weeks ago, Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Lexington, attended the funeral of a lady, a member of the Church in Lincoln, aged ninety-six. There were present at the services a daughter of the deceased, aged seventy, a granddaughter aged forty-seven, a great-granddaughter aged twenty-six, and a great-great-granddaughter, aged six.—*Congregationalist*.

#### PRESBYTERIAN.

President McCosh will give a course of lectures to the students of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, next winter, on the "Evidences of Christianity."

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT EAST BOSTON.—About ten thousand dollars has been raised by this society towards the erection of a new edifice in the place of the one burned, and the piles are being driven into the ground on the old site on Meridian street. The church is to cost about \$25,000, and Dr. Richards, the pastor, intends to visit the principal cities of the Union to seek aid from his Presbyterian brethren.

Mr. Talmage's new church in Brooklyn is spoken of as an odd-looking structure, wooden, with a covering of corrugated iron, and "dotted all over with minarets and little spires like an Eastern pagoda."

One of the oldest Presbyterian churches in New York State is at Bethlehem, Orange County, a farming region, with no village, not even so much as a country store or a blacksmith's shop, within a mile or two. And the church is in a prosperous condition to this day.

THE PRESBYTERY OF MADRID, SPAIN.—It is stated that within a few months 1,400 persons in Spain have made profession of their faith in the Gospel, and that the Rev. Messrs. Knapp and Jamieson, of Scotland, and Mr. Moore, of Ireland, have formed what is at present the only Spanish Presbytery. They have also received liberal aid for the purchase of a large edifice near the centre of Madrid, for a place of worship. All the halls in which they preach, are crowded.

The Pittsburg Banner thinks that the habit of Irish clergymen coming to this country for aid for their churches at home should be stopped, inasmuch as, with their many pressing calls, the American churches are less able to help them than they are to help themselves.

#### EPISCOPAL.

Forty-one Episcopal clergymen died in the United States during the year ending November 10, 1869. The ages of twenty-one of them are known, and amount to fourteen hundred and seven years. The oldest was eighty-three, and the youngest twenty-seven; being, with one exception, the only one under fifty-six years old.

In North Carolina there are 77 Episcopal parishes and missions; 51 clergymen; and 8,239 communicants, of which 222 are colored. In Iowa there are 56 parishes, 40 clergymen, and 2,057 communicants.

A correspondent of the *Churchman* says: "The oldest Episcopal church in New England, and probably in the United States, is at Wickford, although it is no longer in use. It is called St. Paul's, and was built in 1707, at North Kingston, about five miles north of Wickford, whence it was removed in 1800 to its present location. During the Revolution it was used as barracks for American soldiers, as the "Old South" was used by the British.

A deputation from the Church of England in Jamaica is in England, seeking for funds to endow it in its disestablished condition. The immediate effect of the separation of Church and State in Jamaica, has been to leave twenty-five parishes altogether destitute of religious services.

#### BAPTIST.

The *Evangel* gives these items of their work on the Pacific: There are four associations in California, and 13 churches marked "unassociated," making in all 70 churches, with reported membership of 2,810. The value of Church property is \$303,600. The number of Sunday-school children is 2,866. The names of 81 ministers are given for the State, with the qualifying remark that probably not more than one third are acting pastors. Of the rest, some preach more or less, others not at all. There are now 4 Chinese Sunday-schools in regular operation: First Church, San Francisco, 180 pupils; Tabernacle, 26; Oakland, 50; Brooklyn, 16; total, 240.

Associations in Oregon 4, Churches 43, Membership 1,787, Ministers 32, Home Missionaries 2. Churches in Washington Territory 3, Membership 70, Ministers 2, Home Missionary 1. Grand Totals for the Pacific Coast: Associations 8, Churches 116, Membership 5,117, Ministers 115, Home Missionaries 10.

The pastor of the colored Baptist Church at Columbus, Miss., thinks the most pressing need of his countrymen is meeting-houses, and that if about two thirds of the money expended in the support of ministers had been applied to the supply of that need, the cause would have been better served.

The *National Baptist* says that there are ten counties in Pennsylvania, with an aggregate population at the present time, of 300,000, in which there is no Baptist church; seven other counties, with a population of 200,000, in which there is only one church in each.

#### ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Father Hecker has brought with him a new and valuable importation from Rome in the form of an unlimited number of indulgences, granted by the infallible Pope for the benefit

of the Society of Christian Doctrine in St. Paul's Church, New York. This is a society to distribute tracts, convert Protestants, and educate children. Father Hecker announces that all who join the society shall have a plenary indulgence of all their sins, and 300 days' indulgence for every work of Christian charity, which indulgences may be transferred to souls in Purgatory. This society has earned its reward by its industry, having, during the first three years of its existence, distributed 500 books and 700,000 tracts, and taught the catechism to 7,200 children.

It is stated that sixty of the Roman Catholic clergy in Madrid, have left Rome and formed a new free Church, and that a priest in Estramada has come out, bringing 14 parishes with him. The infallibility question has helped on this movement. A priest in Madrid, of Jewish blood, has joined the Protestants, and is reported to be a very eloquent man. He went, six weeks ago, to Avila, a town where there is a seminary of Catholic priests; and his preaching drew such crowds that the theatres were shut up, except on Sunday, when some fool-hardy player on the stage undertook to abuse the Protestants. He was immediately whistled at and booed by the audience, who insisted on his reappearance to retract all he had said. The result is a new Church in Avila.

## Our Social Meeting.

C. H. D. writes what all would do well to read and practice on —

### FORGIVENESS.

There is no state to which the Christian attains that is so commendable, or so clearly illustrates the spirit of Christ, as that of exercising the spirit of forgiveness towards those whom they know have maliciously injured them. O, it is a blessed thing to have a forgiving spirit in this world, for God has so made us that we are dependent upon one another, as are the beautiful stars in heaven. How beautifully this spirit evinces to the world a sincerity which cannot fail to lead the sinner to repentance, and to seek forgiveness of Him who is so willing and ready to forgive all who will come unto Him.

The individual who forgives an injury, whether enacted by a friend or an enemy, or overlooks an insult, intended or otherwise, achieves a greater victory than did Alexander in conquering kingdoms. The Bible is replete with lessons of forgiveness, and those lessons were especially impressed upon the disciples by our Saviour, who told them to "forgive not only seven times, but seventy times seven."

If this was more generally practiced, we should not so often see the friendship which has existed for years broken, and friends whom we have dearly loved, perchance members of the same church, so estranged in their feelings they cannot meet without becoming angry, and exhibiting that spirit peculiarly unbecoming professors of religion. The unrepentant heart retaliates when injured, and is apt to render evil for evil; but the heart renewed by the grace of God, looks to Him for strength and assistance to say, "Father, help us to forgive, as we would have Thee forgive us."

What a lesson of forgiveness Christ taught His disciples, and to us, dear reader, and to all who would be followers of Him! Who was ever so maligned, so ill treated, even wounded in the house of his friends, as the blessed Saviour? Who so artfully and treacherously betrayed to their enemies as He? Who ever experienced such agony in consequence of ill treatment. After all this, how touchingly sweet was His prayer for those enemies! "how full of love and charity: 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.' And when Peter so persistently denied Him, how kindly was he reproved, with what tenderness He looked upon him; Jesus did not blame Peter, did not go out and slander, nor did He turn coldly away from him, but with all the pity that a loving Saviour could manifest drew him back to Himself again. "Those eyes, through which beamed the most generous spirit that ever dwelt in human breast, were turned full in all their awful clearness and serenity upon the apostate disciple, dissolving his heart in tears of agonizing repentance," and he "went out and wept bitterly," and Jesus forgave. In the mildness with which Jesus treated His fallen disciple, we witness the power of love and forgiveness to all His penitent children; and as God forgives us, so may we forgive.

Appropriate are these lines to the above: —

### FORGIVE, AND THOU SHALT BE FORGIVEN.

"Thou mayest not turn away thy brother,  
Perchance a blessing 'e'en is here."  
I cannot take the hand polluted;  
And yet I see the falling tear.

I cannot stoop to say forgiven,  
Here — drink the dregs, yes, drink them up!  
O God! my heart is crushed and bleeding!  
Remove, dear Lord, this bitter cup.

Alas! the night is dark with tempest,  
Again a storm is o'er my head;  
O God my Saviour! heed my pleading —  
"List, what thy loving Saviour said:

"Forgive, as thou wouldst be forgiven,  
No other power can turn the dart,"  
I take the hand, though all polluted,  
I take the sinner to my heart.

Forgive, dear Lord, as I've forgiven,  
And take me to thy gentle breast —  
The night is past, the day is breaking,  
Restore to me my perfect rest.

## The Farm and Garden.

Prepared for Zion's Herald, by JAMES F. O. HYER.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of Zion's Herald.

**CATTLE-SHOWS.**—This is the month for the farmer's festival. It is regarded as one of the red-letter days of the year by many farmers and their families. It is deservedly so, and should receive from them, old and young, even more attention in time to come than it has in time past. The young of both sexes should be encouraged to contribute to these shows. Let the farmer show his fat cattle, his pigs, his corn, potatoes,

rye, fruit and whatever else he may have that is of superior quality; the wife exhibit her nice butter, cheese and bread; the son his well trained steers, and compete in the ploughing-match, and show the people what can be done by a well trained team with an intelligent man to hold the plough; the daughter contribute bread and possibly needle-work, and thus together as a family making a noble exhibition. Then when the day comes for the county or town show, let all be present, old and young; give up the day to enjoyment, to the examination of the various articles on exhibition. Attend the dinner, if there be one, and enjoy that with the address and speeches, if there be any, so that you may get all the pleasure out of the day that can possibly be had. Of late years cattle-shows have with many fallen into disfavor, because of the great prominence given to horse-racing and horse-jockeys. We sympathize with all such, and think it too bad that such is the case with some societies. We do not object to giving the horse a prominent place, for he is a noble animal; but when he is made to absorb the whole attention of the officers, and most of the money given in premiums, and draws to the show a large number of people, such as good, honest, respectable farmers do not wish to associate with, then it becomes a nuisance, and one that should be abated. We believe the State bounty should be withheld from all societies that persist in such a course. But even if this is the case, it is not a sufficient reason why the farmer should leave the society and desert the show, but he should take hold with his neighbors and try to work a reform, and make the society and show what it should be, such as we had several years ago, before we had horses on the brain.

Great good has been brought about by these cattle-shows in the past, and their mission is not yet completed. We say, then, to all farmers and others who can do so, attend your cattle-shows and enjoy them.

**HOUSE PLANTS FOR WINTER.**—Those who intend to strike cuttings, or make layers to be put in pots for winter blooming, should now be about it. Many plants can readily be grown from cuttings stuck in sand in a shady place, where the sun will not reach them, while others are difficult of propagation in that way, and can better be grown from layers. It is now so very dry that layers will not succeed as well as usual, unless watered. Geraniums, Colons, Iresen, Nasturtium, Banvardia, Lantana, Verbena and others, may be propagated by cuttings well enough, though a part of them will grow from layers when it is more convenient to raise them so. Young plants are better than the old ones for winter flowering, and next spring can be put in the ground to give blooms all next season.

Plants that have been in pots through the summer, should be repotted and given more space. Supply fresh earth. We use a mixture for this purpose, something like this, — about one half fresh leaf mould from the forest, the other half about equal parts of sand, loam and well decayed horse or cow manure, the whole made very fine before being used.

When plants are repotted, begin to water freely, and start them into active growth. They should be kept out of the house until the nights become cool, and then can be brought in to a warmer place. It is such a pleasure to see plants growing in winter, even if they do not bloom, that we hope many of our readers who have not been in the habit of cultivating them, will be led to try the experiment.

**PICKING FRUIT.**—The season has been so very dry that the fruit, and especially pears, have ripened much earlier than usual, and should be picked earlier. Swain's Orange Pears, for instance, that we usually pick the 20th of September, are now in a condition to be gathered. Much of our fruit has ripened two to three weeks earlier than usual. This is true of grapes as well as pears. Though fruit is plenty and cheap this year, let it receive attention, and not suffered to go to waste from neglect. If it is not needed at home, send it to market, even though it sells at a low price. The refuse apples should be sent to the cider-mill and be made into vinegar.

**DITCHING.**—The present time is so very favorable for this work, owing to the extreme dry weather, that we venture to again call attention to this important work. Few are aware how great an advantage it is to keep wet land well drained. It is impossible for any considerable time to raise good sweet grass on land that is wet, or on which the water stands. Some think this matter of draining is an expensive one, and so neglect to take hold of it. It is not necessarily so, though one can spend a good deal of money in that way if he will. No better investment can be made than to drain low lands and put them into good grass.

## The Righteous Dead.

Sister MARY M. HALL, wife of Rev. Linville J. Hall, of Waltham, entered into the heavenly rest, after a long illness from consumption, Aug. 29.

Sister Hall was born in Simsbury, Ct., and was 45 years of age. At the early age of 14 she professed conversion, and united with the Baptist Church; but after her marriage with Bro. Hall, when he made known to her his Divine call to the ministry, she connected herself with the Church which he so long adorned by his piety, and enriched by her sacrifices, toils, and prayers. A model wife and mother, and a fully consecrated Christian, she zealously and affectionately shared her husband's labors, and left the impress of her earnest and devoted heart, wherever Providence assigned them a field of Christian activity. Her memory is fragrant in all the churches of the New Hampshire and New England Conferences, where their lot was cast. Connected with various church and benevolent associations, her mind and hands were ever active in the Great Master's work. Her example is to-day sweet and rich in all the communities that were so blest as to know her face.

She had lost four children, all that God had given her, one by one, and the bereavement wounded her most sorely; but by faith she triumphed, and bowed to her Father's will. When informed that her disease was incurable, she calmly made all the arrangements for her decease, even to minute details, and waited her Master's call. Her sick room was full of that heavenly atmosphere which bathes all who enter with a solemn joy. It was midnight when her husband told her that the messenger was at the door. "Do you call this dying?" she replied. "Then Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are." Seeing them weep around her, she exclaimed, "Do not weep! Rejoice! rejoice! So near home!" Towards nine in the morning, she said, "It grows dark." Her husband told her that it was the darkness of death. "Then come here," said she, "and let me look on you, the last of earthly things. He sat by the bed and held her hands, and as her eye was glazing, she murmured, "Glory to God! Sing 'Sweet by-and-by!'" So let me die, if it be Thy will, O my Saviour!

F. H. NEWHALL.

REV. ELIAZER STEELE, born in Tolland, Ct., Aug. 22, A. D. 1784, died at his own house in Bradford, N. H., Nov. 12, 1863, aged 79 years.

He secured the uniform confidence and respect of all his neighbors and fellow citizens. A good man and upright in his dealings, he cherished all the virtues of society. No spot tarnished his fair Christian and ministerial character; but he came to a pure, ripe old age in the beauty of innocence. At the age of 21 years, he experienced religion, and united with the M. E. Church. In a few years he felt it his duty to preach the Gospel, and was accordingly licensed. On the 6th of June, 1819, at the New England Conference, in Lynn, Mass., he was ordained Deacon by that man of God, Bishop R. R. Roberts. After three years, passing the examinations on the Conference course of study, at the New England Conference, held in Bath, Me., June 13, 1822, he was ordained Elder by Bishop R. R. Roberts. About fifteen years, in all, he was an effective travelling minister. In his days of vigor, on many fields of toil, he was a very useful minister of Christ. After he took the relation of local preacher, and settled in Bradford, N. H., he was accustomed to preach in various places in the city with great acceptability and usefulness. Occasionally, even in advanced years, he was wont to preach, and always to the profit of his hearers. In the destitute neighborhoods, he joyfully scattered the seeds of light and life. Often he ministered at funerals, and visited the sick. With the afflicted he sympathized, and comforted the sorrowing. He had a heart to weep with those who wept. About eight years before his death, he delivered his last sermon. Five years before he died, he was confined mostly to his house; but he retained brightly, to the last, his Christian faith and hope. Near the close of his life, with great fervor and unyielding earnestness, he prayed for the salvation of his children. In the burying-ground of Bradford village, near the Baptist Church, where this writer preached his funeral sermon, his body was kindly buried by the Masonic Order. There his dust sleeps quietly. "The Lord knoweth them that are His." He was one of our old preachers, a brother of Rev. Joel Steele, and uncle of Rev. Dr. George M. Steele, President of Lawrence University. Like so many of his fellows, he "fought the good fight, finished his course, and kept the faith." "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth." J. W. MERRILL.

Southampton, Mass.

Mrs. MARY STETSON, mother of Rev. W. H. Stetson, of Providence Conference, died Aug. 18, 1870, aged 77 years.

For many years she was a member of Bromfield Street Church, Boston, and teacher in "Father Snowden's" Sunday-school, in May Street. Some forty years since, her family moved to Seitate, where she found herself entirely deprived of the social means of grace she had so much enjoyed in B. But she did not fold her arms, and mourn over her loss, but looked up the few Methodists in the sparse community, opened her house for evening meetings, and, when a preacher could be secured, on the Sabbath too, turning the whole house into a sanctuary of praise.

The old homestead became also a place of refreshing for the weary itinerant, many of whom frequently enjoyed its cheerful hospitality. Her interest in the welfare and prosperity of the Church that led her and all her children to Christ, never abated. She prayed, and practically cared for its ministers, gave to its benevolent operations, and labored to advance its interests.

But her life's labor is done. "Jesus has come, let me go," were her words of farewell and of victory. "I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." John xiv. 3. W. H. STETSON.

Died in Portland, Me., June 30, BROS. PERKINS, aged 65 years. He was converted in 1837, under the labors of Bro. Stephen Lovell, and joined Chestnut Street Church. In 1843 the question was asked by the Presiding Elder, "Who will volunteer to go and commence meetings and a Sunday-school in the western part of the city?" Bro. S. was one of the five that said, "We will go." This enterprise resulted in the establishment of the Pine Street Church, of which our dear departed brother was ever after a faithful member till God rewarded him. None loved the Church better than he. As an official member, he sought its best interests. By act, as well as word, he labored for her. Near death, a brother in Christ asked, "Is Jesus precious?" "The same as ever," was the quick reply. And he reigns in glory now. God bless the afflicted ones. R. SANDERSON.

Mrs. IRENE W. GOODRICH passed to her eternal rest the 7th of July, aged 47 years.

The last few years of her life had been a long struggle with ill health and adverse circumstances; but "the form of the Fourth" was ever with her. Through Him she more than conquered. When 12 years old she gave her heart to the Saviour, and ever afterwards honored him by a consistent Christian life. Possessing naturally great sweetness of character, she manifested, in an unusual degree, the gentler graces of the Spirit, blended with strong faith and fixed purpose. In her home of everlasting rest she awaits the coming of her six children, now both fatherless and motherless. The Church deeply feels its loss, but gives her joy in the eternal city. S. Bucksport, Me., August, 1870.

Bro. ZACHARIAH C. ASH, of Lyman, N. H., died at the "Profile House" in Franconia, where he had gone to transact business, Aug. 27, with an eruption of a blood-vessel on the brain, aged 40 years.

Our lamented brother was converted about two years ago, during an extensive revival at Lisbon, under the faithful labors of Rev. T. Carter. He soon after united with the Church at Lyman, of which he remained a worthy member until called suddenly to his reward. The Church is deprived of one of its best members. His race was short, but nobly run. His prayer and exhortation, at the last prayer meeting which he was permitted to enjoy, was a test of his faithfulness to the last.

"O, is it not a noble thing to die  
As dies the Christian, with his armor on?"

A. B. RUSSELL.

Miss SARAH A. PERKINS died in Biddeford, July 9, 1870, aged 45 years.

In April, 1860, she was baptised, and received into the Church in Biddeford, by Rev. H. B. Abbot, though she was converted fifteen years before that time in Kennebunk. Soon after her conversion her health failed, and the remaining years of her life were years of weariness and suffering.

Sister Perkins possessed a mind of rare power, and her experience in Divine life was deep and earnest. But her physical infirmities, from infancy, made life a burden, and were of a nature to cause her to shrink from observation, and shun society. But her gentle influence, her pure life, her patient endurance, has made a deep and lasting impression on all who were witnesses of her sufferings through all those weary years. "She endured as seeing Him who is invisible," and rests with God. S. F. WETHERBEE. Biddeford, August, 1870.

## KENNEBUNK CAMP-MEETING.

Our Feast of Tabernacles is over, and the churches, abundantly refreshed, hopefully renew the battle.

The meeting was eminently successful. We found that the Committee had made very many improvements in and around the grounds. The order was excellent; the spiritual power great. Nearly all the preaching was characterized by simplicity, earnestness, and heart-seeking appeals. A goodly number of conversions were reported, and very many church-members received the baptism of the Holy Spirit, and were healed of their backslidings.

Sunday was a day of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. At the love-feast there were nearly three hundred testimonies. Yet the propriety of holding our camp-meetings upon the Sabbath is still questionable in many minds.

However, much good was done; and to God be the praise. At the close, a hearty vote of thanks was given Bro. Colby, the Presiding Elder.

R. SANDERSON, Secretary.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Portland churches occurred the Sabbath following the camp-meeting. The Union Love-feast was held in the Pine Street Church, which was filled to its utmost capacity. The meeting was one of glory and of power. Every testimony was to the point; none too long, none too short. A little boy whispered to his mother, "They don't say anything but 'Blessed Jesus' here all the time." The Presiding Elder happened just then to say it, and he exclaimed, "There 'tis again, mother! nothing but 'Blessed, Jesus.'" And it was even so. We crowned Him Lord of all. Nearly two hundred spoke, and more sisters than brethren. Hallelujah! R. S. Portland, September.

## POLAND CAMP-MEETING.

The meeting commenced on Tuesday evening, Aug. 23, with a rousing prayer-meeting at the stand—Rev. A. Sanderson, Presiding Elder of Gardiner District, conducting. A spirit of faith in God, and faith in the success of His appointed means for winning souls, seemed to pervade the assembly. The spirit and act of full consecration to God and His work were also manifested, and, as a whole, the prayer-meeting was an unusually promising and powerful opening. Even the faint-hearted, if there were any, took new courage from the success of the opening skirmish.

Wednesday morning the General brought up his ammunition train, and Rev. G. Briggs acting as ordnance officer, distributed cartridges in the shape of a general order from headquarters for all to "Come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in every time of need." The invitation went like an electric shock through the ranks, and at the close of its proclamation, the large altar was filled with those who accepted it, then and there, and came forward at once to pray for the gift of power. No one who was there can doubt that the invitation being thus accepted the promise contained in it was fulfilled. It was indeed a season of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

The battle, so auspiciously opened, was a continued victory. Squads of deserters from the ranks of the enemy continued to come in and enroll themselves under the banner of the Prince of Peace; and many who had been inveigled by the wily foe to desert the service of their rightful Lord, hearing the proclamation of pardon, of full amnesty, came back and surrendered themselves, enlisting anew, and it is to be hoped for life. So sweet was the spirit manifested, so powerful and heavenly the influence at work, so marked the success of effort, that many who have attended the meeting on this ground, from year to year, "were amazed, and glorified God, saying, 'We never saw it on this fashion.'"

The preaching was evidently without attempt at "enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power."

The Committee in charge of the ground have performed their duty in a most admirable manner. The old rough benches have been replaced by new seats, painted and painted, with comfortable backs; an aqueduct has been laid from a living spring, at some little distance, providing a full supply of clear, pure, soft water for man and beast; a fine stable, restaurant, and boarding-tent, and a new pulpit for the stand, have been built. The stand itself has been modernized and improved, and most of these improvements, if not all, have been made within the past year—all within two years. So much energy and pluck can hardly be defeated, and it is plain that Poland camp-meeting is destined to be a power for good for years to come, unless the Adventists should happen to prove true prophets, which will indeed be a "new thing under the sun."

The weather was generally very favorable. Our excellent Presiding Elder seemed to "renew his age," and to enter into the work with as much sprightliness, vigor, and earnestness as the youngest of his brethren. Perfect harmony of feeling and sentiment prevailed, and, as a whole, the camp-meeting was a glorious success. To God be all the glory.

## DEDICATION OF WESLEY M. E. CHURCH, BATH, ME.

We need hardly say we were glad that the 14th day of September had come, and found us ready to dedicate. Our hearts filled with gratitude to God, as the morning broke serenely upon us, and the day continued cloudless, affording most fitting opportunity for ladies, as well as gentlemen, to be present. At 10 A. M., the house was well filled. Shortly after, the services commenced with a voluntary by the choir. The rest of the service was conducted in the order laid down in the Discipline. The Dedication Hymn, composed for the occasion was sung with good effect. The sermon, by Rev. H. W. Warren, of Charlestown, Mass., from Isaiah lvi. 7, "For mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people," was delivered with much pathos and power. It was full of rich thought, glowing illustration. The presentation of the house, for the worship of Almighty God, was made by Rev. Z. H. Blair, in behalf of the trustees. The Dedication Prayer was offered by Rev. J. B. Husted, of Massachusetts. At the close of the service, the choir gave another voluntary from Haydn's "Creation"—"Achieved is the glorious work"—after which the Doxology was sung, the Benediction given, and we separated till evening.

In the evening, Mr. Warren delivered his lecture on "The Forces in a Sunbeam," which was listened to with unabated interest and eagerness to the close.

## The Secular World.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

## DOMESTIC.

It is now reported that the English Mission is to be taken by Judge Orth, a prominent Western politician.

The election in Maine, on the 12th, passed off quietly, the Republican candidate for Governor, Mr. Perham, being elected by a majority somewhat larger than the majority of Governor Chamberlain last year over two candidates in the field.

Several cases of yellow fever have been found in New York.

## THE WAR IN EUROPE.

Up to the present writing, there has been little change in the aspect of affairs at the seat of war. M. Thiers has been in London, endeavoring, it is supposed, to induce England to negotiate terms of peace between the contestants; but it seems his mission has been fruitless.

Metz and Strasbourg are still being sieged, and the Prussians are steadily closing in on Paris. It is said the scouts have made their appearance in the immediate vicinity of the villages of Boisy, Vertgalant, Epinay, and Chambray. The advance guard of the Prussian army before Paris consists of some 45,000 men. Strasbourg is suffering severely under the fire of the Prussians. Much of that splendid city has been destroyed, including the fine library. The celebrated Cathedral is not yet much injured. The fire is now so hot, that they are taking refuge in the sewers. It cannot hold out much longer.

At noon, on the 14th, the work of desolation began on a grand scale around Paris. Vast columns of smoke were reported by latest Despie dispatches as rising at that time to the north and east of the capital. Many houses in St. Denis were on fire. The bridge at St. Cloud was blown up the previous evening. The fine bridge at Neuilly, one of the handsomest in Europe, is mined, ready to be blown up. The National Guard went on duty, on the 14th, in the fortresses.

All the railroads leading from the city have been torn up and destroyed, except the line leading west; and the forests of Montmorency and Bondy were set on fire on the 15th. The remaining forests in the vicinity of Paris will also be burned. The gas pipes are to be cut in a few days. The city is full of supplies of water and food. Over six million pounds of powder are stored in the city for the use of the garrison. Seventeen bridges over the Seine have been destroyed. The people are elated over the fact that as yet no French fortress has been taken. This inspires general confidence in a successful defense of Paris against the invaders. The people are extremely grateful for the cordial official expressions of American sympathy they have received. Now that Gen. Trochu has cleared the city of dangerous classes, order is again easily preserved. On every hand one hears of the firmest determination to defend the city to the last. All the foreign ministers have announced their determination to remain in Paris during the continuance of the siege. Arrangements have been made in Paris to entirely surround the city by water in three hours' time. The Prussians, as yet, have no siege guns for the attack of Paris.

It is semi-officially announced that the Government of Germany will not negotiate with a government empowered only by the democracy of the streets of Paris.

In diplomatic circles a firm belief prevails that the Orleans family will be restored to the throne of France. The arrival in Europe of Count D'Eva is certainly regarded as significant. M. Thiers had a

long interview with the members of the Orleans family here. It is said that he delivered to the Duke d'Aumale an important private letter from Trochu.

The French fleet which has been blockading the North German coast, sailed to the southward. The blockade of the Elbe, the Oder, and other rivers, has ceased. Vessels are entering ports on these rivers daily unobstructed. Steamers from England to France and Germany will resume service immediately.

A dispatch from Cassel, dated the 12th inst., says that the Emperor spends the mornings with some of his officers walking over the lawn, or making long excursions. His guard extends several miles, in all directions. His guard consists of one officer, two subalterns, one trumpeter, and thirty-one men.

A boiler explosion in Leith, on the 15th, badly injured fifty workmen; several have since died.

No further particulars of the loss of the *Captain* have been received. The Government has suspended all its contracts for turret ships.

Disraeli, in a recent speech, congratulated England for having by parliamentary and other reforms removed all opportunities of internal disquiet, so that she was now in a condition to witness unmoved vanishing empires and rising republics.

The United States flag-ship Franklin is an object of attention and curiosity. Her crew is much admired for activity, skill, and powerful physique. The Admiralty has decided to adopt the practice noticed on the Franklin, of arming the men with breech-loading pistols instead of revolvers.

## LATEST.

The report is that Russia and Austria intend to take pieces of Prussia. They'll have a hard time doing it. All this brings about the only permanent end of all this conflict, "Universal Republicanism."

## ITALY.

The Pope contemplates retiring to the Tyrol. The proposition of Italy to His Holiness is the same that was accepted in 1861. According to another dispatch received here, the Pope has decided to remain at the Vatican. He has recorded a protest with the diplomatic corps at Rome against the invasion of the Pontifical States by the Italian army.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The Empress Eugenie, accompanied by the Prince Imperial, has left Hastings and gone to Torquay, a favorite watering-place in the county of Devon. They were in the habit of making constant excursions around Hastings, but carriages or horses are never employed.

The Vienna Press says—the Empress escaped from Paris through the exertions of Prince Metternich.

CLOTHING WRINGER.—The Universal Clothing Wringer is believed to be the best ever made, as the gears are broad, and will not entirely separate when the large rollers are passing through. The latter is a most valuable feature for the craze in other wringers (whether they are on one or both ends of the shaft) may be thrown apart, and be practically without use, when most needed for the large articles.—*Sutton's Catalogue.* Sept. 22, 1870.

## THE COMING LECTURE SEASON.

Lecture Committees, representing Churches, Sabbath-schools, Lyceums, and other Associations, will be pleased to learn that Mr. G. H. Loomis, the "Fraternal Artist," 7 Tremont Row, Boston, has just returned from an extended tour in Europe, bringing with him many interesting subjects additional to those presented at his beautiful Stereoscopic entertainments at seasons. Mr. Loomis journeyed through England, Ireland, and Scotland, thence through France, Belgium, Prussia, Germany, and Switzerland, and his way-side glimpses embrace the most noted points of interest to be found in the several kingdoms through which he passed, including the localities now suffering the ravages of war. Though early in the season, Mr. Loomis has already received several applications, and there can be no doubt that his services will be in active demand during the autumn and winter evenings. A more varied and interesting entertainment, and one better calculated to instruct old and young, can scarcely be found. Sept. 22, 1870.

## Commercial.

## BOSTON MARKET.

## WHOLESALE PRICES. Sept. 19, 1870.

GOLD.—\$1.14.  
FLOUR.—Superfine, \$5.25 to 6.00; extra, \$5.75 to 6.75; Michigan, \$6.75 to 7.75; St. Louis, \$7.50 to 10.00.  
NEW MIXED CORN.—90c to 1.00.  
OATS.—60 to 65c.  
RICE.—\$1.10.  
SEED.—Timothy, Herd's Grass, \$5.50 to \$6.00; Red Top, \$5.50 per sack; N. I. Best, \$2 to 2.50 per bushel; Clover, 16 to 18c. per lb.  
APPLES.—Per barrel, \$2.00 to 4.00.  
PORK.—\$32.00 to 33.00; lard, 17 to 18c.; Hams, 20 to 22c. per lb.  
BUTTER.—33 to 35c. per lb.  
CHEESE.—Factory, 13 to 14c.; Dairy, 7 to 12c.  
EGGS.—23 to 24c. per dozen.  
DRIED APPLES.—8 to 10c. per lb.  
HAY.—\$30.00 to 35.00 per ton, per cargo; \$25.00 to 30.00, per ton, per car load.  
POTATOES.—\$3.00 per barrel.  
SWEET POTATOES.—\$4.00 to 5.00 per bbl.  
BRAN.—Extra Fine, \$3.00; common, \$2.00 to 2.50.  
LEMONS.—\$7.00 per box.  
MALLOW SQUASH.—\$3.50 per cwt.  
ONIONS.—\$4.00 to 4.50 per barrel.  
CARROTS.—\$4.00 per barrel.  
FRUIT.—\$2.50 to 3.00 per crate.  
BEANS.—\$1.25 per bushel.  
TURNIPS.—\$2.00 per bushel.

CABBAGE.—\$10.00 to 25.00 per hundred.

CUCUMBERS.—\$3.00 per hundred.

TOMATOES.—\$1.00 per bushel.

WATERMELONS.—25c to 35c. each.

MUSMELONS.—\$3.00 per barrel.

CANTALOUPE.—\$4.00 per bbl.

REMARKS.—Flour Market remains unchanged. New Grain Sled, Timothy Herd's Grass, \$1 lower. Pork unchanged, with easy sales. Sweet Potatoes arrive plenty, at lower rates. Onions 50c. per bbl. off. Butter and cheese firm, and in demand.

## The Markets.

## BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

For the week ending Wednesday, Sept. 14.

Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep and Swine, carefully prepared for the current week:—  
Cattle, 3,195; Sheep and Lambs, 12,515; Swine, 4,200; number of Western Cattle, 285; Eastern Cattle, 720; Working Oxen and Northern Cattle, 400. Cattle less over from last week, 75.

PRICES. Beef Cattle—Extra, \$12.35@14.00; first quality, \$12.25@13.00; second quality, \$11.00@12.00; third quality, \$10.25@10.75; poorest grade, \$9.00@9.50 per 100 pounds (the total weight of Hides, Tallow, and Dressed Beef).

Brighton Hides—8c. @100 per lb.

Brighton Tallow—7c. @100 per lb.

Country Skins—8c. @ each.

Hides—7c. @5c. per lb. for country.

Tallow—6c. @6c. per lb. for country.

Lamb Skins—12 to 15 cents each.

Wool Skins—\$1.50@2.00 per skin.

Sheep Skins—\$2.00@2.50 each.

Calf Skins—17@18c. per lb.

Store—Yearlings, \$12 to 22; two year olds, \$22 to 45; three year olds, \$45 to 55 per head, or much according to their value for Beef. Nearly all the small Cattle that are in a fair condition are bought up by the Butchers to slaughter. The trade for Store has not been very active yet this season. There has been many poor ones brought into Market.

Working Oxen. The trade for Working Oxen has improved for several weeks past, and there has been a good supply in Market. We quote sales at \$125, 165, 165, 165, 180, 140, 215, 220, 205, 235 to 250 per pair.

Milk Cows. Extra—8c. @ ordinary, 8-9c. @ Store Cows, \$35@55 per head. Prices depend a great deal upon the fancy of the purchaser. Most of the Cows in Market are of a common grade. Prices are ranging from \$25 to 50 per head. There are but a few Extra or Fancy Breed of Cows offered in Market for sale.

Sheep and Lambs. The larger portion of Sheep and Lambs which come into Market are bought for Butchers in the country, or sent in on drift. We quote prices of Extra and select lots at \$5.50 to 4.50; ordinary lots, \$1.50 to 2.25. Lambs, \$2.50 to 4.50 per head, or from 5 to 7 cents per pound. There were but a few from the West or South, most of them coming from the North.

Swine. Store Pigs—Wholesale, 10 @ 10c. per lb.; retail, 10 @ 14 cents per lb. Spring Pigs, wholesale, 8-9 cents per lb.; retail, 8-9 cents per lb. Coarse Swine, 6-8c. per lb. Fat Hogs—4,000 at Market. Prices 10 to 11 cents per pound.

## Marriages.

In this city, 7th inst., by Rev. M. J. Talbot, Edwin Hooper to Mrs. Margaret Harper, both of Boston.

In this city, Sept. 8, by Rev. F. Farber, George S. Blaisdell to Martha S. Moulton, both of Boston.

In this city, Aug. 24, by Rev. W. C. High, Peter R. Woods to Julia M. Christensen, both of Boston.

W. Emory to Miss Catherine E. Scott, all of Boston.

In this city, Sept. 6, by Rev. M. J. Talbot, E. Julius Reed to Miss Imabella A. Clark, both of Boston.

In Jamaica Plain, Sept. 8, by Rev. C. H. Sewall, George A. Nichols, of Troy, N. Y., to Miss Belle W. Holden, of Jamaica Plain. [No cards.]

At the Parsonage in Weston, by Rev. W. F. Loomis, Marshall May Blaine, of Framingham, to Miss Mary Ella Morse, of Saxville.

At Amherst, Mass., Sept. 13, by Rev. Dr. Whedon, assisted by Rev. Mr. Chapin, Rev. J. A. Whedon, of Northampton, to Fannie J., daughter of J. J. Putwin, of Amherst. [No cards.]

In North Brookfield, Sept. 1, by Rev. L. P. Causey, Frank S. Thayer, of Amherst, to Miss Josephine Akers, of Gray.

In West Bridgewater, Sept. 4, by Rev. H. H. Martin, David H. Wilber, of Bridgewater, to Miss Abby Woodward, of Taunton.

In Dedham, Mass., Sept. 1, by Rev. D. M. Trus, Benj. B. Segars to Miss Miss E. Dares, both of Dedham.

In Westboro', Sept. 1, by Rev. W. A. Nottage, assisted by Rev. B. Gill, Harlan F. Withersby to Miss Mills R. Smith, both of Westboro'.

In Gloucester, Aug. 6, by Rev. A. F. Herrick, Peter Peterson to Miss Mary Ellen Andrews, Aug. 12, Martin V. Bakeman to Miss Lavinia Innis.

In Westley, July 13, Margaret Tryphena, daughter of Evans and Elizabeth A. Spradling, age 17 years, 8 months and 2 days. Her end was peace. We trust she now lives with Him who died to redeem.

In Lenoxville, Sept. 4, by Rev. A. Sanderson, Joseph Sanders to Sarah H. Saunders.

## Deaths.

In Cresson, Iowa, Aug. 19, Irene S., wife of Aaron Kimball, aged 40 years. Mrs. Kimball was sister of A. D. Hatch, of New Bedford. She was deeply devoted to the church in Cresson, and was universally beloved by all.

In Chicopee, Aug. 20, Simon Hamilton, aged 78 years.

In Freedom, Me., Aug. 27, Mary Sylvester, widow of the late Amos Sylvester, aged 88 years and 9 months.

Aug. 26, of cholera infantum, Grace, aged 14 months and 2 days, only daughter of Rev. Wm. and Lucretia F. Stout, formerly of the Maine Conference.

In Westley, July 13, Margaret Tryphena, daughter of Evans and Elizabeth A. Spradling, age 17 years, 8 months and 2 days. Her end was peace. We trust she now lives with Him who died to redeem.

Money Letters Received to Sept. 17.

A. Anderson; S. W. Blood; H. Z. Davis; R. A. Helmerhausen; H. D. Haskell; S. G. Kellogg; H. W. Manning; S. W. Partridge; M. L. Welch.

## Church Register.

## HERALD CALENDAR.

Ministerial Association of St. Albans, Waterbury Centre, Oct. 4.  
Orient Ministerial Association, Jacksonville, Oct. 8.  
Rockland District Ministerial Association, Thomaston, Oct. 9.  
Portland District Ministerial Association, Gorham, Oct. 17, 18, 19.  
Pascataway Valley Ministerial Association, Winterport, Oct. 3.  
Fall River Dist. Convention, Taunton, Oct. 12 and 13.  
Gardiner District Ministerial Association, Monmouth Centre, Oct. 17, 18, 19, 20.  
Norwich District Preachers' Meeting, North Manchester, Nov. 14, 15, 16.

